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PUBLISHERS

Martin Leung, William Weiss

EDITOR

Lisa Palac

ART DIRECTION

Curium Design

SENIOR EDITOR

Richard Kadrey

PHOTO EDITOR

Joy Sornstein

MULTIMEDIA EDITOR

Allison Diamond

COMIX EDITOR

Paul Kimball

COPY EDITORS

Paul Kretkowski
Amanda Wilson

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

M.I. Blue, Jack Boulware, Carmilla DeVille, Sharon Fischer, Keith Hammond, Nick Herbert, Johnny Ray Huston, Steven LaVoie, Patrick Macias, Holly MacArthur, Jon Warner Martin, Laura Miller, Stephen Parr, Marcy Sheiner, Trish Thomas, Ann Wertheim

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Barbara Alpers, Günter Blum, Phyllis Christopher, Egon DuBois, Robert Griffith, Richard Kern, Alex Waterhouse-Hayward, Christine Rosholt, Ralph Steinmeier, Peter Turner

COVER

Roger Licot
Hazardous Graphics

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Jeff Gompertz, Evan Sornstein, Roger Licot, Eric White, Phoebe Gloeckner, Renée French

STYLING

Becky Wilson

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHERS

Michael Johnson

OFFICE MANAGER

Daryl-Lynn Johnson

PUBLICITY ASSISTANT

Mary Elizabeth Williams

INTERNS

Stefan Bugaj, James Ellsworth, Dan Kapelovitz

ADVERTISING

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Generation Sex

Like Hey! We (or me), Generation X, living on our Shampoo Planet—the twentysomethings who aren't anything if we aren't post-whatever—we're making the 60s look like the 50s in these here 90s. To paraphrase the Timster, 'natch:

We've got *Life*—just like they did—but we call it *Mondo 2000*.

We've got our *Time*—it's called *Wired*.

And now we've got our *Playboy*. It's called *Future Sex*.

I remember sitting in a dorm room complaining about the horrible state of commercial sex mags. Either terribly sexist and written with a third grade reading level hoping that Adam Smith's invisible hand'd be stayed by the guilt surrounding the hand on John Thomas. Or worse, written in the "it's not porn, it's erotica" style for Sensitive 90's Guys™. Yeach! Is it any wonder why the discerningly savvy pervert has a Usenet account?

Kudos! I feel like a 60s hipster who was in when he read his oh-so-cutting-edge *Playboy*. But better.

Ranjan Bagchi
bagchi@eecs.umich.edu

Notes From a Rocket Scientist

This fine letter came to us on the back of a grocery list.

Here is my contribution to the stiffening science of dildonics. Now that desktop VR is almost here with 3D effect from shuttering glasses and infrared movement detection, we should return to the penis, the name [sic] joystick and surround it with a button-studded, open-topped joy sheath. This little number could be used to interact with programs like *Virtual Valerie* in a very personal way. Special lube, Cyberglide, would be used to facilitate up and down motion while penis position would be used as a pointer the way mouse balls do now. There's a joke in there somewhere but I can't find it yet.

A Fan
Kilmer, NJ

Praying for Rain

You need to break the norm in order to call yourself *future*, like adopting some of the erotic thinking of Europe. I've noticed that in Europe, golden showers are widespread but in the U.S. this topic is ignored. Why the self-censorship of adult activity such as golden showers?

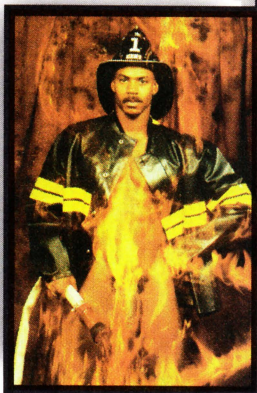
At least you could write about it, if no

models are willing to demonstrate it. I'm sure they're out there, though. In fact, there's me and my fiancée for starters.

H. Wolfe
New York City, NY

Jungle Fever

I just finished reading Marilyn Drake's essay in "Black on White on Black" (Issue 3) and was happily enlightened to read of a white female who openly expresses her feelings regarding this sensitive issue. I, being a Black American male, am like many other "Blacks"—exceptionally sensitive about racial issues. Due to my varied cultural experiences, I also *prefer* to date across the racial and cultural lines, regardless of the looks of disapproval I occasionally receive from racist critics. I am turned on by the intermingling of skin textures and the subsequent social statement that defies status quo stereotypes. There is an element of exotic eroticism that occurs when races intermix (sexually or any other way); society knows this but spends eons pretending that it does not. Interracial relationships



can prove to be both indescribably satisfying and dangerous, probably because they chal-

lenge the racist American tradition of miscegenation.

I wish there was more information on interracial dating and sexuality to tap into. Dr. Lawrence Tenzer's book, *A Completely New Look at Interracial Sexuality*, is one the few sources recently available. I also discovered open and honest correspondence (sexual and otherwise) when I joined one group called Cross-Cultural Couples, listed in *Interrace* magazine as the only interracial dating club in America. But I have to be satisfied with the rare pieces that surface now and then. I empathize with Ms. Drake and wish

that more people were as open.

Terry Robinson
San Rafael, CA

The Uncut Version

A few comments on Issue 3. First, the good: 1) Male as well as female nudity (full frontal!); 2) Actual touching, fondling of male genitals; 3) A real life hard-on/erection/boner (male fully ballistic!); 4) Honest, no-bullshit discussion of a w-i-d-e range of sexual issues, no shame here.

Now the bad: 1) I get eyestrain from the overwhelming use of color and graphics; 2) The women featured reflect too much of a manufactured, Barbie Doll-like quality; 3) In regard to being "natural," I'd like to encourage you to visually explore the wonders of men who have not been forced to undergo the removal of that miraculous and misunderstood piece of the penis, the foreskin.

Think about it: there is a reason that the head is not exposed until it's hard, or in the case of foreplay, until you do a little creative "joint rolling."

We'll see, who knows. I might finally give up on *Playgirl*.

Stefani Ellis
Venice, CA

Sexual Reality

Future Sex is not just another skin mag, as your prudish, 70s, second-wave feminist detractors complain. It's intelligent, it's self-conscious, it's admirably put together and it is aware of its surroundings. Everybody looks good, but not unrealistic. I appreciate the realism. The couple in "Click" (Issue 3) are really hot. The best picture is the one where she's behind him, kissing him and she holds his erect dark cock. How delicious. I also appreciate her discreetly shaven pussy and tousled, non-hair-sprayed hair.

Although I'm heterosexual, I'd personally like to see more photos of lesbians and gay men—and more kink going on, not just S/M. Why not ask readers for their submissions and print photos of real people? Maybe couples?

That's all I have to say.

Jamie Miller
Memphis, TN

Check out our upcoming Issue 6, where we'll be printing the winning entries of our erotic photo contest, submitted by you—the readers of *Future Sex*.

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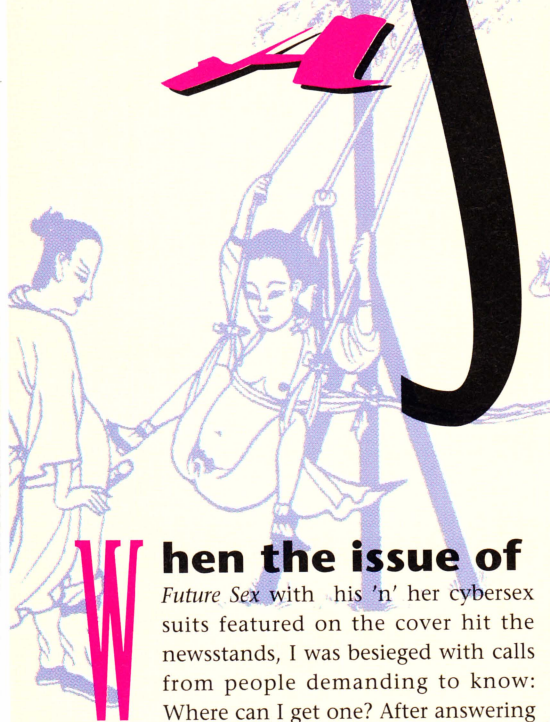
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LIKE A SEX MACHINE



When the issue of *Future Sex* with his 'n' her cybersex suits featured on the cover hit the newsstands, I was besieged with calls from people demanding to know: Where can I get one? After answering this question for the billionth time I was inclined to say, "They're on sale at K-Mart, next to the molecular curlers!"

Clearly, we are in the throes of cybersex hysteria. We've got people who can't wait to jack in and jack off while others are simply appalled—or frightened—by the idea of teledildonic eroticism. Still, they all want to know when such technology is going to be ready, if only to avoid it. I've been fascinated by this machine sex mania, and I had a hunch that history was repeating itself.

Rather than being so 21st century, I wondered if the idea of machine sex—tool sex, *objet* sex—was actually ancient. After all, technology and sex have a long history together. New tools have always aided in the creation of the sexual experience, from the video camera to the printing press all the way back to the sharp stones that carved the first dildo. Somewhere along the line there must be a record of sophisticated sex devices through the ages.

Searching through art history books, I found plenty of phallic Greek pottery, but I doubted that urns with giant erections pok-

ing out of the sides could realistically be defined as sex machines. The *Kama Sutra* mentions *apadravyas*, or accessories which "bring pleasure in love." Paths of sensual mysticism from China to Nepal included swings, slings, hanging baskets, Ben Wa balls and other inventions that made having sex more satisfying and fun. Does anyone really need to dangle from the ceiling in order to feel fulfilled? Yes, someone does. Sex without honed ingenuity is called the missionary position. While sexual innovations and playful practices were happening in the East, Christianity was taking over Western civilization. It left us with not only a guilty conscience but a scarcity of erotic art where orgasms were masked as religious ecstasy during episodes of saintly torture. To some, the rack may have been the ultimate sex toy of the Middle Ages.

But I wasn't just looking for toys or accoutrements; I wanted full-blown automation. I heard about an 18th Century machine,



BY LISA PALAC

developed by a Mr. Chace Pine of England, that could simultaneously whip forty people at once, but I couldn't find any pictures of it. Since I was having trouble locating images of actual sex machines, I called on noted vintage erotica collector, Joseph Vasta.

"I'm looking for documentation of fucking machines," I said. "Not just from the last decade, but from the last century or the last millennium." They didn't have to be electric; wind- or pedal-operated was fine. He told me that whatever equipment had been created was usually destroyed, although odd artifacts did turn up at Parisian auctions every now and then.

"People were also incredibly private about these things," he added. "They didn't go around showing off their latest sex machine plans."

Things started to get rolling with the piston-driven Industrial Age when electricity turned us on. But even then, erotic applications for new technology were rarely talked about. The vibrator wasn't advertised as something you put between your legs, but rather on top of your head as a scalp massager.

Fast-forward to the Space Age: Men went to the moon and women went on The Pill. Science impacted our sexual culture in a big way. Sperm banks, *in vitro* fertilization and gender reconstruction gave us the ability to shape our sexual destiny with freakish precision. Free love pushed past fleshy encounters and into the arms of a robot. The sex machine concept was in. Barbarella squirmed to new heights under the keys of Duran Duran's sex organ. The Orgasmatron turned coming into a stylish civic duty. Artist Tomi Ungerer's *Fornicon* mapped out the future of autosex in simple black lines. The fabricated, high tech stuff looked very cool, but reality was so low end: cheap dildos, plastic pussies, dick pumps and blow-up dolls.

Technology is advancing right into our pants again. I've seen that stupid VR sex clip from the movie *The Lawnmower Man* so many times, I want to run screaming from the room. A fully-immersive, 3D multisensory virtual sex experience is 25, 50 maybe 100 years away—and let's hope it's not as insipid as director Brett Leonard's imagination. But what's most interesting, and what sets our generation apart from the past, is that we're moving away from imaginary toys and crummy novelties to sex machines that *really* work and are better-looking, too. Developers are working on digitally-enhanced erotics, as well as implements that pump, suck, vibrate,

rotate, ping and push you into the hands-free, gravity-suspended ecstasy zone. (See the advertisements in this magazine for starters.) We have the technology and we're willing to go on record.

So why have sex with a machine? I asked my senior editor Richard Kadrey, whose article "I Wank the Body Electric" appears on page 8, why we seem so obsessed with machine sex lately.

"We define ourselves by our machines," he said. "Just look at any foreign film that's trying to create an American look. It's filled with fast cars, cellular phones, powerbooks, guns. Americans fetishize their machines. The idea of loving your machine, as a subtext, has now become explicit with the possibilities of VR sex." (Personally, machines get me off faster and the buzzing sound is kinda sexy.)

I also talked with R.U. Sirius, former editor of *Mondo 2000* (page 22), about how we eroticize the whole world around us. If that's true, then computerized perversions are a natural part of our erotic evolution, rather than a frightening dysfunction.

I think this current fixation with machine sex is just another step in the quest for the ultimate sexual experience. The 24-hour sexual utopia ideal has been with us for centuries. The further away that satisfaction is, however, the less we worry. But now that technology is offering up the possibility of non-stop sexual gratification, we're feeling a bit of the heat. When we come so close to getting it, we wonder if we really want it. And how we will control it when it's here?

I figure that if the future is anything like the past, manual operation will still be a hot commodity. You can bet that when the perfect orgasm is about to alter your brain waves, the system will crash. Technology. It never works when you need it.



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I WANT THE BODY ELECTRIC


 BY RICHARD KADREY

Earlier this year, a group calling itself STEM (Society for Technologically Enhanced Masturbation) sent an article over the Usenet computer network called "All About Electronic Masturbation;" it's a straight-forward, detailed description of how to convert a small audio amplifier into something half-way between a torture device and a vibrator: "We have found that low-power, high frequency [audio] current can produce some very interesting tingling and throbbing sensations." The authors also mention that their device is similar to one used to extract semen from prize bulls, which probably says more about men's sex lives than most of us really want to know.

What the guys at STEM are talking about is nothing new. People have been zapping the human body with electricity for over 200 years. Probably the first bunch to shock themselves (and each other) were the ancient Greeks. They discovered that amber rubbed with fur would attract small, light-weight objects such as feathers. Under the right circumstances, it could also produce a little jolt when the person holding the amber touched another person. What the toga boys had discovered was static electricity. The word *electric* comes from the Greek word *elektron*, meaning *amber*.

In the late eighteenth century, Dr. James Graham became the first entrepreneur to use electricity as a health tonic. By then, the first crude batteries had been developed amidst rhapsodic descriptions of having caught this "primary force of nature in a bottle." In London, Graham, who was quite willing to play on the public's fascination with anything electric, opened The Temple

of Health and Hymen. The Temple was a sumptuously decorated mansion which included musicians hidden under the stairs and scent dispensers in the walls. It also held Graham's greatest invention: the Celestial Bed, a massive four-poster not built for sleeping. The bed was heavily wired and couples would spend £100 a night to screw their brains out while Graham shocked the bejeezus out of them.

Why would anyone pay big money for this? The idea was that making babies in an electrical field would improve the health of both the parents and the offspring. And the continual zapping was also supposed to be the ultimate in erotic stimulation. In one of Graham's pamphlets he writes, "Superior ecstasy which partners enjoy in the Celestial Bed is really astonishing and never before thought of in this world; the barren certainly must become fruitful when they are so powerfully agitated in the delights of love." Unfortunately, there are no statistics on how well Graham's bed worked in producing numerous and superior babies for England's upper classes. We do know, however, that during his career he went from a dirt-poor quack in America to a very rich quack in England.

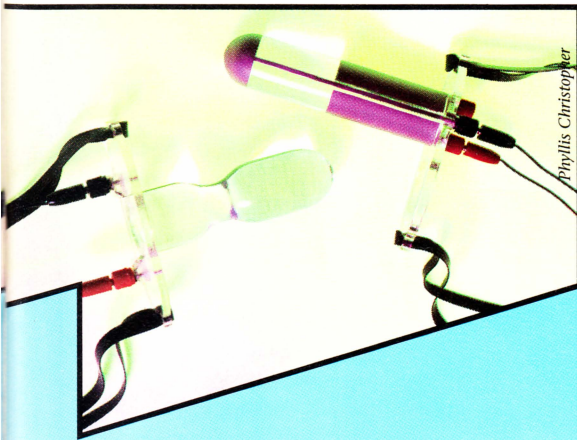
Electricity was still being flogged as a wonder drug in the early 1900s. Look in any Sears & Roebuck catalog from the turn of the century and you'll probably find items such as the Heidelberg Electric Belt, with an optional Electric Sack Suspensor (sort of a hard-wired cod piece). But with the new century came bigger ambitions. The Harness Electropathic Battery Belt claimed that it could, "Promptly, Absolutely, and Permanently Cure Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Nervous

Exhaustion, Impotence, Female Disorders..." There were other products that claimed they could cure two or three dozen complaints.

While none of these World War One-vintage items made claims to erotic potential, the moment they reached the marketplace, fetishists discovered that by applying current to body areas not specified in the instructions could produce some interesting effects. In the early 1960s, passive exercise machines, (which contracted and released the user's muscles with mild electric shocks) such as the Relaxacisor, died in mainstream markets, but flourished in the underground world of S/M and fetish play. Of course, playing incorrectly with machines that spit out raw current can have its drawbacks—like heart attacks and seizures. (The important thing that everyone who uses electricity in their play should know is that you should *never apply electricity above the waist!*)

In the 90s, there's a brave new world of electro-stimulation play at our disposal. Probably the most advanced, and certainly the most attractive, electro-toys come from Dr. Dante Amoré's Paradise Electro Stimulations line of products (pictured above). A complete P.E.S. set-up consists of an easy-to-use power box (which can run on batteries or household current), a set of screw-in wires and one or more of Dr. Amoré's stimulators. The rings and plugs in the P.E.S. collection are made of sturdy clear plastic that's coated at strategic points with a conductive metal surface. There are items for both men and women, including cockrings, butt plugs, vaginal plugs, a vaginal shield (for labia stimulation) and a cock-head stimulator (which is made to slide into a man's urethra, but can also work in his anus).





ur crack team of *Future Sex* volunteers tried out Dr. Amoré's wares in the privacy of their own bedrooms. According to the doctor, his products work best when there is little or no hair between your body and the conductive surface of the stimulator. He also suggested that the volunteers start off with the power switches set low, or they could suffer the one constant fear in electro-play: a crispy critter (you can probably figure that one out on your own; think of those fried pork rinds George Bush used to eat).

Interestingly, the reports from our male and female volunteers were very similar. Both were very nervous starting out, since neither had ever played with electricity before. For safety, they used batteries instead of household current, although the P.E.S. power box has a safety cut-off switch that stops the flow of electricity instantly. After getting used to the controls, both reported being able to create a variety of sensations with the devices, from prickling vibrations on the mild end, to hot bee stings at the high. Our test couple also liked the simple, but versatile design of the power box. As Lynn commented, "Vibrators usually only have one or two speeds; these toys have four controls you can use to get the vibrations just right." The one item that remained untested was the cockhead stimulator since I—er, I mean—our male volunteer, wimpily refused to stick anything in his cock.

If you're interested in adding electricity to your erotic play, I'd suggest sticking with equipment that's been built and tested by people with a stake in the enterprise. Despite the ballsy, experimental spirit of STEM, imagine being found by paramedics slumped over your stereo, with smoke coming out of your pants.



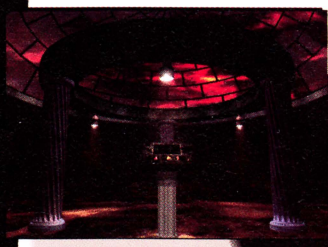
Richard Kadrey is the Senior Editor of *Future Sex*.

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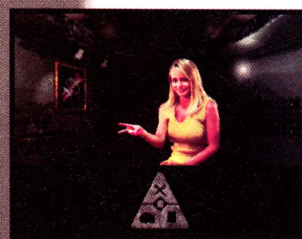


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Max isn't tragic, he's horny. You would be too if you woke up one morning with the testosterone level of a 14-year-old boy. "I'd watch a soap opera and think, *God, that woman in that dress, that's such a tight dress, oh my god, look at those tits, I can't believe they're showing this on TV!*" Imagine having all those hormones crammed into a slender female body. "It's like putting a big huge car engine into a smaller vehicle; all of a sudden you've got this power and you're shaking with it."

Women have testosterone too (without it they wouldn't have a sex drive) but the average male has thirty times as much, and adolescent boys have *four times that*, which is why they shouldn't be allowed on public transportation until they're 21.

Max used to be a lesbian feminist, now he's a straight man. How did he know he was transsexual?

steered him *toward* it. Butch/femme relationships, male role-playing, S/M fantasy and strap-on sex all contributed to Max's ultimate decision to change his gender. One lesbian lover talked to him like he was a man, complete with body parts. He loved it. A straight lover treated him like one of the guys. "I was her first woman. She would say, 'You're just like this boyfriend I had' and I'd feel so flattered, even if she was saying bad things like, 'He was an asshole, too, just like you.'"

One day Max realized he wasn't a lesbian, he wasn't even a woman. "It was like an explosion in my head. I was taking a bath and looking at my female body. All of the sudden I knew, *Oh my god, I'm a man, I'm a transsexual, that's it!* And then I thought, *What am I gonna tell my friends?*"

Max has been on male hormones for four years. His voice has gone from alto to bass. His shoulders are broader, his feet are bigger, his hips are gone. He has hair on his face and he's grown an Adam's apple. Even though he's preoperative, his body is no longer a female body. It doesn't feel like one, it doesn't look like one, it doesn't smell like one, it doesn't function like one. He will never have female diseases.

Max has come a long way since his essay was published in the feminist bible of the 80s, *This*

the female hormone, estrogen, he cried a lot more too. "I would think of one thing and then it would become like, *my childhood*, and I'd be *crying*. Oh god, it'd be symphonies and orchestras. Now I never cry like that, but I still dwell on things. Just because you're a man and you're on male hormones doesn't mean you don't get neurotic. Look at Woody Allen."

When he first started taking male hormones, Max was so excited about what was happening to him he talked about it all the time. He found out the hard way that, gay or straight, most people find sex changes offensive. "It fucks with their sense of reality. If nothing else, they can count on this: There's men and there's women. And men can't be women and women can't be men."

Now he only tells people he has to, like potential lovers. Talk about performance anxiety. "When a woman is coming on to me I start thinking, *Oh god, she thinks I'm somebody that I'm not. I'm a man, but not the way she thinks I'm a man.*" Even after he sleeps with somebody, it can get dicey. "One girlfriend said, 'How'm I gonna tell my best friend? And what am I gonna tell my parents? My parents will never speak to me again!' She was worried that people were gonna think she was a lesbian, which was

FROM DYKE TO

Women's music. "Woman as victim, woman as goddess, woman as big mama, whatever"—he hated it. "Obviously, tons of lesbians don't like it and they're not transsexuals, but it can be a warning sign!"

On the one hand, lesbian culture steered him away from his male identity. "When I was a lesbian, I disowned my male self. Men were bad. Men were ugly, stupid, mean and nasty." On the other hand, lesbian sexuality

Bridge Called My Back. His sex drive is higher and his turn-ons are more visually oriented than before. "I read *Playboy*, I read *Penthouse*, I look at girlie magazines. It's almost like the pictures are alive. I understand why men are the animals that they are. You see sex in so many places that it's not necessarily meant to be. I see a pretty woman walking down the street and I can't take my eyes off her. I don't even realize I'm staring. Then I think to myself, *Well what's wrong with that, I just think she's good-looking*. Maturation as a male means learning to control those impulses."

Now that he's a man, Max understands women better. One of his girlfriends used to cry whenever they were together. "She would burst into tears just looking at the ocean or watching a TV program. If I was a normal genetic guy and I didn't know the hormones were making her act that way, I would have thought, *God, what a basket case!* When you take the male hormones, you see what the female hormones were doing to you all along." When Max's emotions were run by

sort of funny, 'cause then I slept with this lesbian and she said, 'Don't tell anyone, I don't want them to think I'm straight.' Then I started thinking, *Whoa, this is weird.*"

How does he like being a man now that it's finally happened? "It's not all it's cracked up to be. Women are scared of men, and you're seen in a different light. If you're a guy, you're more likely to be the bad guy. A woman will be walking down the street at night in front of me and she'll turn around, look, and then she'll cross the street. It's a trip.

"There's all this violence being a man, it's like a pack of dogs or something. If some asshole comes up to you and your girlfriend on the street, you're expected to make a show of something, I'm not quite sure what. It's like this foreign culture."

Still, there are definite advantages to coming in from the fringe. "I hate this society, but I've gotten a little friendlier with it. Being heterosexual and seeing that image reflected back to me all over the place I feel



for the first time in my life Oh, that's me! I'm in the picture. I lost the queer subculture but, god, I've got the whole world!" As a result, his lesbian friends treat him differently. They're suspicious and resentful. "All of a sudden it's assumed that you have all this male privilege. I'm not saying it doesn't exist, but it's hard for me to know I'm getting it when I'm so worried about other things like, Am I adequate? Do I seem male enough? Will anybody know that when I go to the bathroom I have to sit down?"



Trish Thomas is a fairly studly white-trash bar dyke who writes the way she talks.

Max is featured in German director Monika Treut's film Female Misbehavior.

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BY TRISH THOMAS

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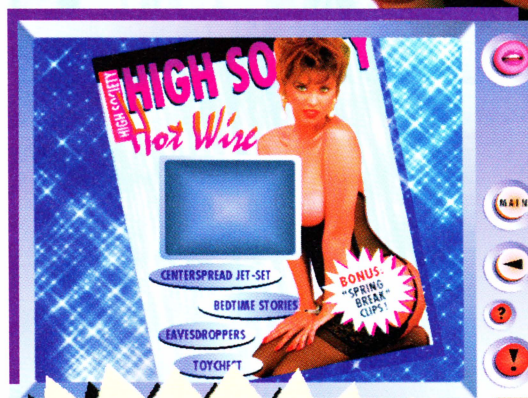
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FROM NORWAY WITH LOVE



If trying to imagine an alternative to the cheesy, formulaic norms of most American porn has your head spinning, settle it down with a good look at the Norwegian sex magazine for women and men, *Cupido*. Although chances are you can't read the articles,

Cupido's selection of international sex photography and vintage erotic art has won it many devoted fans among the similarly impaired.

Launched in 1984, each issue gives the lie to the blue-nosed belief that the explicit and the creative can never intersect. And, unlike American porn hon-

chos, *Cupido's* editors seem unhampered by narrow definitions of physical sexiness or idiotic fears that heterosexual guys will instantly turn gay at the sight of a naked man. Also a rarity are the often outrageously nasty drawings and paintings by some of history's most revered visual artists—and

authors (Victor Hugo was a very naughty boy). *Cupido* is contemplating an experimental issue in English, but the impatient can get one issue plus subscription information by sending \$8 in cash to Cupido, Postboks 9121, 0133 Oslo, Norway.

—Laura Miller

YOUR PERSONALITY IS IN YOUR PANTS

As palm reading is to palms, genitalology is to genitalia. Bizarre as it may seem, two San Francisco women have unearthed the secrets of personality identification through genital size and shape.

Based on scholarly research, "field experiments" and endless hours of interviews, astrologist Charon Dunn and her collaborator, yoga and meditation instructor Lola DeWolfe, have developed a practical system of reading male and female genitals. Dunn and DeWolfe have categorized five basic genital configurations for women and seven for men. For instance, the "Wizard's Wand" penis (long and slender, with a large head) tells you that its owner is a dreamer and often creative—a musician or a poet. The woman whose genitals correspond to "The Wild Thing" (large labia majora and minora) likes to be the center of attention, and is frequently an earth mother type.

Dunn and DeWolfe's seminars are a humorous combination of lecture, visual aids and occasional "demonstrations." In their seminars, audience members learn about compatible configurations and the meaning of such things as shaft-head proportion, clitoral protrusion and the all-important "angle of the dangle." In fact Dunn says, "Disastrous relationships and miserable liaisons can all be avoided by a careful preliminary study of your prospective partner's genitals."

—Stephen Parr



Dave Patrick

IS THERE SEX IN SEXUAL

Ever since the Thomas/Hill hearings, institutions all across America have been scrambling to adopt policies aimed at preventing sexual harassment in the workplace. These activities may be motivated by raised consciousnesses—or they may just be CYA (cover-your-ass) tactics.

One thing is for sure: these policies are being guided by misconceptions of what sexual harassment is all about. For instance, the Los Angeles County Fire Department's policy prohibits display of sexually oriented material, specifically citing *Playboy* and *Penthouse*—and, proving themselves equal opportunity censors, also mentions *Playgirl*. The LAFD actually forbids possession of "all other material and objects of a clear sexual connotation." Thus, LA fire fighters could theoretically be busted for having diaphragms, condoms, or books on sexual health in their handbags or lockers.

Playboy has filed a lawsuit against the department. Burt Joseph, *Playboy's* Special Counsel, points out that fire fighters have a right to privacy in their own lockers and living spaces. "We're not saying no restrictions are permissible," says Joseph, "but this regulation goes far beyond what is reasonable and necessary."

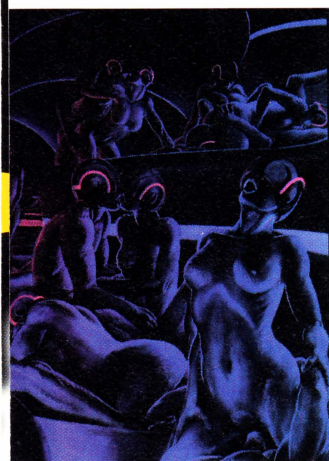
Feminists for Free Expression, a group whose name is self-descriptive, has prepared an independent *amicus* brief supporting *Playboy's* position. Says FFE spokeswoman Marcia Palley, "There's a

Avant-garde designers Doug Michels and Peter Bollinger will put Heaven on the map sometime soon and somewhere in the state of Nevada. Michels is best known for his experimental designs with Ant Farm, the group that produced "Cadillac Ranch" (ten Cadillacs buried hood-first in a Texas wheat field) and "Media Burn" (where driving a car through a wall of televisions was proposed as a new form of spectator sport); preliminary plans for the erotic amusement park Heaven show a preoccupation with more sensual concerns.

Heaven, originally slated for a site in Japan, is billed as "a place of erotic discovery." Highlights include a 2000-acre circle enclosing a pleasure dome; Aphrodite Island, dedicated to aromatherapy; the Amoratorium, where newcomers to Heaven will be debriefed; and even a giant IMAX movie theater. There will be sex shops, hotel rooms and erotic playgrounds, all serviced by scantily clad "Angels" and "Bisexual Nubians." Patrons visiting Heaven can expect a \$1000 tab just to get past the pearly gates for a day, plus another \$500 for food, Heaven merchandise and admission to erotic pavilions. It's not quite clear whether Heaven will be anything more than a giant massage parlor or an epic-scale love motel. But Michels promises, albeit somewhat vaguely, that "it will create an

oasis for sexual exploration. Heaven will allow the creation of new worlds and new discoveries of what sexuality is."

—Patrick Macias



Peter Bollinger

HEAVEN ON EARTH

alt.sex

Some of the biggest sex discussion groups you'll ever find are the alt.sex newsgroups on Usenet. The "alt" in alt.sex refers to an alternative *newsgroup* setup, not alternative sexuality, but some of the subsections in the alt.sex groups get pretty radical, devoted to such topics as bondage, masturbation and watersports. More common topics include "How can I get my girlfriend to give me a blowjob?" "How can I get my girlfriend to enjoy anal sex?" and the ever-popular "How can I get a girlfriend?" In addition, readers can exchange stories, as well as pornographic art in several computer formats.

People often confuse Usenet and the Internet. Usenet is the network of computers that runs the news bulletin board software; essentially, it's the world's biggest BBS. The Internet, however, is a worldwide network of computers. Imagine a freeway with exits leading to different towns and streets. The Internet is the freeway and the exits are the individual systems linked to the Internet.

You can generally read Usenet groups on computers linked to the Internet as well as on other public access systems. Unlike most BBSes, there are no charges for Usenet access and anyone—any age—can read the files. You'll need a piece of software called a "newsreader," but these are usually available free on BBSes linked to the Internet. To determine the best way for you to link up to alt.sex, check with your local BBS to see if you have Usenet access, or check with the Sysop.

—Sharon Fisher

HARASSMENT

terrible confusion in sexual harassment law because of the word sex. These policies don't cover the kind of harassment that has anything to do with sex. It should be called gender-based harassment."

Palley feels that defining sexual harassment as the presence of sexual materials in the workplace protects women not from harassment, but from all things sexual, turning women into "19th-century Victorian flowers who faint at the mention of sex—as if women themselves don't have sexual desire or make sexual jokes."

—Marcy Sheiner



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BY JACK BOULWARE

It Takes Someone to Hang

Out of your entire life, how many hours do you waste trying to get sex? Whether you're male or female, not including prostitution or grudge fucks, finding a mutually agreeable copulation partner is about as easy as getting America to listen to Bruce Willis. The tedium of forced flirtation, the tired old game of setting up a time and date, getting dressed up, going out to dinner, maybe a show, late-night cocktails and/or drugs, going back to your place, putting on music, lighting a couple of candles, continuing the requisite chit-chat until you finally agree it's time to wrestle each other's clothes off, foreplay, fondling, blah blah, stick it in, a couple of fumbling strokes and it's over. You wake up with a pounding headache, face-down in a fluid-soaked throw pillow. God, I hate that.

What's the solution to the above nightmare? Fake, simulated computer sex? Exactly. Oh, I can already hear your whining: "But will computer sex replace real sex?" I should hope so. We're adults who work hard for a living, we deserve something to ease the discomfort of emotional attachment. It's so much more modern and convenient to toss the empty Kung Pao chicken container over your shoulder, squeeze your sweaty, obese

You squirt
your MSG-riddled
semen into its
special receptacle,
and waddle off...

onto your fat head, boot up your \$50,000 worth of computer equipment, and pussy-surf through the most beautiful women you've ever seen, each more fantastic than the last; sleek bodies created in a lab by some fat geek like yourself. (These gizmos and software are also available for women, but the sheer amount of this technology devoted to the male hetero horndog is so staggering, we're going to dwell on it specifically.)

Now it's true these pixelated princesses are the type who, if meeting you on the street, wouldn't bother to cough phlegm in your direction. But things are

different on the cyberplain. You're not a stinky, zit-covered nerd living in an apartment littered with empty Jolt cola cans. You are a cyber lothario, the Tom Jones of teledildonics.

Your alter ego becomes irresistible to the opposite sex, capable of satisfying many women with masterful technique. And because you typed in a few instructions, each virtual vixen screams your cyber pseudo-name over and over as they experience multiple cyborgasms. If they talk back to you, program them to be virtual mutes. You squirt your MSG-riddled semen into its special receptacle, peel off the suit and waddle off to the fridge for some Ben & Jerry's. Isn't technology great?

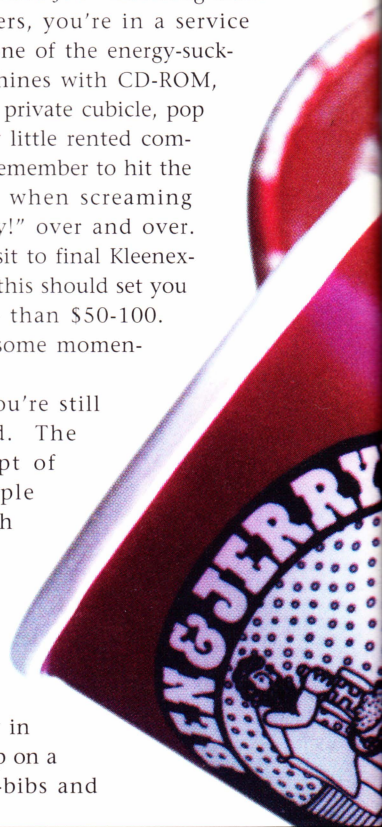
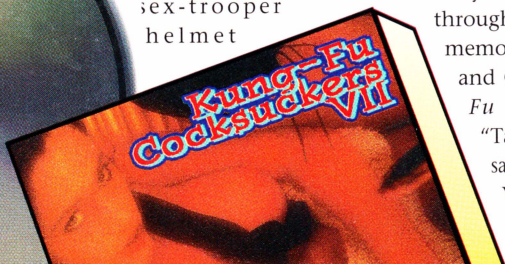
Okay, maybe you have only \$20,000 worth of computers. Log onto your favorite BBS CD-ROM library, slip into the adult section (which is always the largest by far), scan through the titles you haven't yet memorized. Ah, Missy Milksquirt and Candy Cumbucket in *Kung Fu Cocksuckers Part VII*. "Taiwan never tasted so good," says the accompanying review. You begin downloading the files and waddle off for

some Ben & Jerry's. Half a gallon later, the mini-movies are ready.

You bring them up on the screen, again entering your cyber pseudo-name so they'll know what to scream over and over. You scroll through the digitized images until one sequence looks promising, then pull on your sad little pud until it spits into a dirty gym sock. Sure beats the hassle of walking all the way down to the corner to buy a magazine.

But maybe you're real cheap. You don't even have a computer. This next step is going to hurt. You're going to have to actually get dressed and leave your house. Stumble into your neighborhood computer service bureau. If you enter a mute-colored room of withdrawn, energy-drained people quietly staring into giant monitors, with the Grateful Dead's "Tennessee Jed" dribbling from hidden speakers, you're in a service bureau. Rent one of the energy-sucking beast machines with CD-ROM, preferably in a private cubicle, pop in your sweaty little rented compact disc and remember to hit the caps lock key when screaming "Missy! Candy!" over and over. From initial visit to final Kleenex-muffled spew, this should set you back no more than \$50-100. Plus, you get some momentary fresh air.

Let's say you're still not satisfied. The entire concept of sex with people bores you. With new technology comes complete anonymity. What taboos could possibly apply in cyberspace? Slip on a pair of cyber-bibs and



take a stroll through the barnyard. What animal catches your fancy? The lowly hen? The tight-muscled flanks of a billy goat? Say, that milk cow's mouth is starting to look real pretty. All inhibitions slip away as you rub your cyberself with Virtual Purina All-Purpose Chow and wait for the lusty nudges and nibbles of lower phyla. Just program in a secret encrypting exit code, and nobody will ever know you cornholed a pig in the back forty.

Oh, some people will laugh at your complex lifestyle. They'll laugh at your high-tech hovel of litter. They'll laugh at the extremes to which you attempt. But you'll be laughing harder. You're a greasy, zit-covered, ice cream-addicted geek, and you're finally getting laid. And animals love you.

—Jack Boulware
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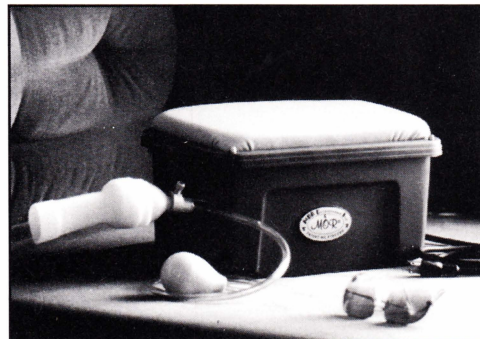
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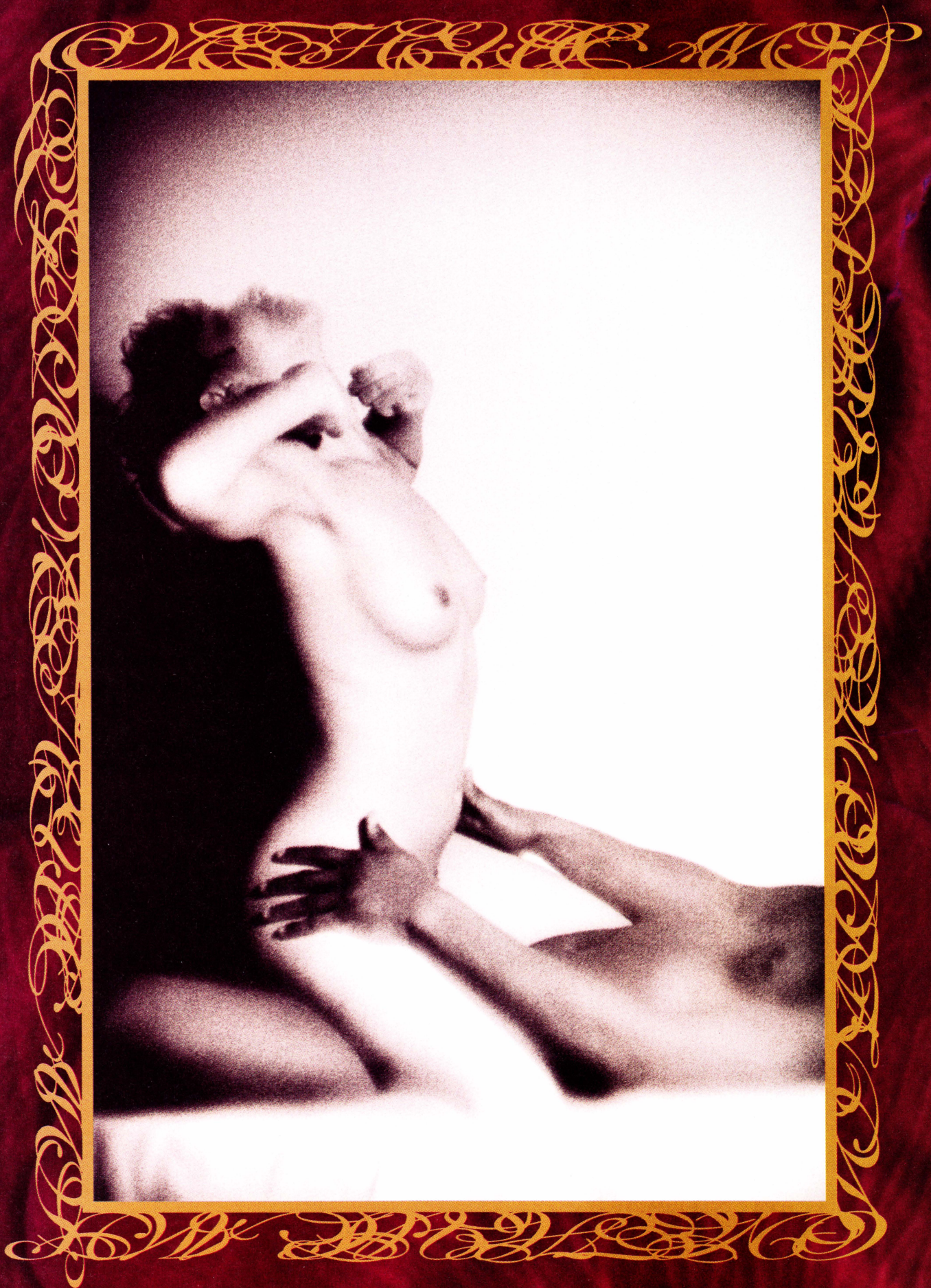


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the Criminal

At the center of his own media zeitgeist, surrounded by megalomaniacal eroticism and the vapor of his own weirdness, R.U. Sirius has just presented himself with a new title, Icon-at-Large. The former Editor-in-Chief and co-founder of *Mondo 2000* (the fringe art + culture magazine that launched a thousand cyberpunks), R.U. has left a trail with Marxists, yippies, hippies and hackers. Influenced by both William Burroughs and Barbara Eden, he hitch-hiked from Long Island to Berkeley in the late 70s and finally ended up tossing his psychedelic consciousness into the publishing pools of *High Frontiers* and *Reality Hackers*, which eventually became *Mondo* as we know it. Recently, he landed a record deal for a newer creation, *Mondo Vanilli*, a techno trio that "borders on stupid, but is occasionally poetic." Although they've only done one live show, *The Pathetic Performance*, rumors of R.U.'s upcoming onstage plastic surgery keep hope alive.

But what of fame, if it doesn't help get you sex? While some egoists would refuse to parade their polymorphous perversions in print, R.U. stomps where others fear to tread.

How future of him.

Future Sex: You've done a lot of drugs. How does that tie in with your views on sex?

R.U. Sirius: I've never really analyzed it in those terms. I think that drugs can make you loose and flexible and possibly amoral. At the same time, I'm very charismatic on psychedelics. They've helped me have a sex life; to meet girls and get them to fall in love with me.

FS: That's such a typical playboy thing to do, woo women with drugs.

RUS: Once you're actually on the trip, it's a whole different level. I mean, psychedelics aren't so much a product as they are an experience. There's a great relationship I think, between a willingness to experiment with altered states of consciousness and pleasure drugs, and an openness to sensual experience.

FS: But if you have a sexual experience in an altered state, how does that relate to reality? Like, was it really that good?

RUS: That's something for people who worry. Who cares, you know? The experience is the thing. An experience is what it is. I don't think about quantifying or qualifying its value afterwards.

FS: Hearing you say, "The experience is the experience" makes me think, "What a secure, together kind of guy who can be so detached from the irrational emotions of love." But surely you must sort of succumb to that sort of chaos.

RUS: Actually that's funny, because what I really want to do is advocate the fact that sex is as totally irrational as drugs. That moralists and fundamentalists and feminists are trying to apply social values to something that oughta be chaotic. That's like my belief.

FS: Do you think that idea comes from inside you—that's just who you are—or do you believe men in our society are trained for emotionally detached conquests?

RUS: That might be true, although I would say trained is bullshit. It's permanent programming, it's genetic. It's biological, or it could be. I take the sociobiological idea that basically we're here to spread out our genetic information, and men want to make as many babies as they possibly can. So on a genetic level, they have a bigger interest in getting sex with as many different women as possible. Because women can only have a certain amount of chil-

dren, and they want the children to grow up healthy, women have to be selective.

And all these things are happening at a very deep, subconscious level. So I suspect that these sexist theories—

FS: —are a biological imperative?

RUS: Yeah. I mean, I think it's changing, because human beings change in response to their environment, but it's changing slowly. These are statistical averages; women are *that* way and men are *this* way, but there's tremendous variety in the human situation.

I really like people who break the statistical norm. I like gender-crossing, stuff like that. I'm very into transvestites. I had one, actually. Male-to-female. Looked just like Bianca Jagger. She was headed for her operation in a few days. That was a nice experience. I didn't know a girl could have a penis.

FS: In the Sexuality Conference on the WELL, people were talking about open relationships and you said you basically prefer spontaneous free-fucking over premeditated non-monogamy even though it's more...painful?

RUS: And almost nobody dealt with it! They immediately went back to this discussion of bland, non-monogamous community wholesomeness. I think the spontaneous unexpected is by far the coolest thing in the world. I don't just want to do it, I want to watch it happen. Like some woman walks into the supermarket and suddenly starts fucking the guy behind the counter or something like that, you know?

FS: But doesn't that put you in the position, as has been said, of drama queen?

RUS: Drama queen! I *never*. The perpetual drama becomes a soap opera, but I remember fondly moments of drama, like having a woman throw something at me. Or the time when I had my penis cut off and thrown out. [Laughs] I was amazed to read about that guy! [Referring to John Wayne Bobbitt of Manassas, VA who successfully had his penis reattached after his wife cut off two-thirds of it with a kitchen knife and threw it into the street.] I figure if you can have it cut off and sewn on, and have it fully functioning, I'm going to be completely careless about what I do and say.

FS: Let's say you're horny and you want to look at sexy pictures, what do you want to see?

RUS: In terms of fantasy, I want to see a woman who's very evil, the more evil the better. With blood gushing out of her fingernails, and all kinds of insidious and deceitful, insanely cruel behavior.

FS: That she would be inflicting on herself, or somebody else, or...?

RUS: Other people. On a fantasy level, I'm totally attracted to real evil, you know, genuine, murderous...I think I had my first orgasm after seeing a James Bond movie. Yeah, I was 13 the day I went to see *Goldfinger*. The basic idea was, you're a spy, she's a spy for the other side. And you're fucking this woman who really wants to kill you. So my first erotic fantasy was fucking a woman who was probably going to try to kill me later, I was going to have to defend myself, blah, blah, blah. I'm sure a lot of the aspects of that erotic attraction from there on out proceed from that moment, actually.

BY LISA PALAC

PORNO
2000

Sexuality OF SIRIUS

Phyllis Christopher

FS: But are you talking about evil or about danger? I think that sex and danger go hand in hand, and dangerous things tend to be very erotic things.

RUS: It's evil. It's not just dangerous for me, like, here's this bitch who's been going out biting the heads off children all day and she comes home to fuck me. It's not necessarily that she is dangerous to me. I might be dangerous to her. But I'm attracted to that wickedness. I think I would do very well with a bisexual woman who was thoroughly sadistic towards her other girlfriend. And we could both do that together.

FS: So how did you get in touch with this dominant side of yourself?

RUS: I think I view sexuality more as a release than as a sensual intimate thing, and so it's a letting go. Like kicking in a police car window. [Laughs] But in terms of active S/M, the

thought never really occurred to me until 21 or 22 and I was holed up in this house with a couple of weird Satanists, these fat people who ate candy all the time. They had lots of guns and stuff, and lots of pornography—

FS: Well, the FBI will love to hear this! Satanists holed up with pornography—

RUS: —guns and pornography. So anyway, I was holed up in this room, and I started looking at this S/M stuff. My first intellectual response was 'This is so ridiculous. How can anybody get into this?' And I started reading a little bit and suddenly found myself having a fantasy. Jacking off to it, you know. I pretty much embraced it immediately. I'm not the sort of person to feel guilty about having something occur to me in my imagination.

FS: You've mentioned that you have a criminal sexuality.

RUS: I did?

FS: Yeah. And when it comes to fantasy, you have no limits. You'll fantasize about anything.

RUS: Absolutely anything.

FS: Give me a really evil example.

RUS: Raping women in Bosnia.

FS: Okay that's pretty bad. But you don't ever—I don't know if I should use the word guilt—but doesn't it bother you?

RUS: I don't feel guilty about it although I have, for some reason, thought recently about talking to a psychologist.

FS: People say that guilt and shame are part of the reason why our state of sexuality is so poor. People have fantasies, they feel really guilty about them—should they act or not—and that division between fantasy and reality gets blurred.

RUS: I also think there's tremendous dishonesty. From my point of view, I don't think men really talk about how they feel about sex.

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FS: Like that they're more hostile than they are?

RUS: Yeah. Or maybe it's just me. I've come to realize that a lot of people are experiencing a reality that's so distinct from mine, so I'm not really qualified to comment on what they're going through. I mean, I do have an essential presumption that people are polymorphously perverse: capable of any form of sexuality and of fantasizing about anything that is humanly possible to do in an erotic context. And there are various levels of suppressing those polymorphous perversities. In that sense, I think that I may be one of the healthier people around.

I mean, this whole thing about gays in the military. What a revealing expression of homosexual desire on the part of male Americans, that they would get *this* upset about gay guys being in the barracks.

[A short break]

FS: We were talking about Girl Scout picnics and how perhaps you'd like to have spontaneous sex there...okay, let's talk about the dark side of sex. Maybe what makes erotic fantasies erotic, is this element of danger, anger, cruelty. Because who do you know that reaches the point of orgasm thinking about a moonlit walk on the beach?

RUS: Obviously, there are certain acts that one can't approve of socially. You can't say,

"Hey, murder's okay." But having an erotic charge about murder is just a fact of life. We should accept that we fantasize about it. And we should certainly accept, given that we exist in a world with murder and abuse and all kinds of horrors going on, that everything that we see gets associated with the erotic. We should be able to act those things out in a context that gives them a release.

Media is the right territory for the demons and ghouls of our imagination. Every form of perversion, rage, needs to be given expression through art. First, because artists should have the full range of human experience at their fingertips to make an honest statement. But more importantly, when human beings project themselves positively through media it leads to the most boring, banal, nauseating crap...clearly we like our culture dark and tough. And inside of media is the terrain where the darkest, most dangerous and destructive aspects of the human psyche can act out. This is why we've evolved into such a pervasive urban postpunk culture.

The most horrible thing happening right now is the attempt to censor sex and violence on television.

FS: I think people are concerned that media dictates culture, rather than reflects it.

RUS: Yeah, it probably does. But at the same time people have to take responsibility for themselves. In a world inundated by media, it's really the individual's responsibility to get his or her shit together.

I think being able to make fine distinctions all the time is really the challenge of being alive right now. The more complex life becomes, instead of having options like good and bad, or following the biblical laws, there are tens of thousands of gradations to every decision. There are going to be people who can't make this fine distinction, who are gonna go crackers and do real crazy fucking things, but we can't reduce the dialogue to a level where everything has to be safe for children, psychopaths and retards. And that's a





natural impulse for people to want to do that. I think freedom is risky. Incredibly risky.

FS: How do you get into sexual fantasies?

RUS: I look at the magazines, stuff like *Club* and *Hustler*. A while ago I had a copy of *Hustler* and my ex-girlfriend was reading it and she says "How can you read this stupid fucking magazine?" And I said, "I've never read a word of it." I thought that was an interesting aspect of gender differentiation, how men view pornography.

FS: In my next life I want to come back as a man. In fact, in VR sex I want to be a man.

RUS: I want to be a woman, definitely.

FS: I actually said the words "VR sex," before you said it.

RUS: Cybersex, cybersex, aaah...

FS: What would you expect, as a woman, to be happening?

RUS: A bit of a narcissistic experience, getting off on the sensuality of my attractiveness, rather than the thrust of my desire. And I find, at least within my own brainwashed psyche, my idea of feminine sexuality is about getting off largely on being wanted and how much the partner is getting off on you. Not that you don't do that also as a man, but having that be a much larger part of the experience.

FS: I'd like to wake up with hard-ons all the time.

RUS: Well I need to orgasm many times a day.

FS: So do I. [Very long pause.] What do you think that technology will bring to the sex wars?

RUS: Oh God, it's gonna go in so many directions at the same time. Technology tends to move people away from the domination of the family, the religion they're born into, and the kind of aesthetics and moralities that they're born into. On the whole people will become more experimental; more willing to try things. They're going to become more perverse.

FS: Have you become more per-

verse now that you have a personal computer?

RUS: I am more perverse. I don't know if the computer bears any relation to it.

FS: The big question is: Will technology isolate people and make them miserable? If everyone has their perfect mate in cyberspace, who will want to have real relationships?

RUS: A lot of these fears are based on some romantic notion that it was ever any better in the past—that communication was ever good, that marriages were ever good, that families were ever good, and that it hasn't always been fucking pathetic right from the start.

FS: But some of your sexual experiences have been really good. Could you find the same thing in the VR world?

RUS: Yeah, it's a continuing experience in which I embrace all possibilities. I think that in a real virtual system, particularly when you're linked up with another person, you'll actually be able to project what is happening in your mind during sex.

FS: But if we can't get off today, why do we think we're going to have the perfect orgasm in cyberspace?

RUS: The perfect orgasm, who's to say? There are theories of what's going to give people the perfect masturbatory experience. All you can do is give them the tools or the ideas and...some people are never going to get off. To be democratic and generous about sex, what you really need to do is give people the tools to deprogram themselves from whatever program they have that prevents them from having powerful erotic experiences. I figure technology is part of that process as well. My whole take...see, we had a great conversation about sex, and now we're talking about technology. I'm totally for technology, but I've had this cyber shit up to my fucking ears.



This interview was conducted over a series of martinis.

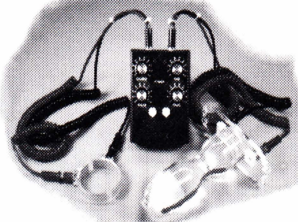


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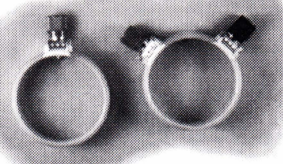
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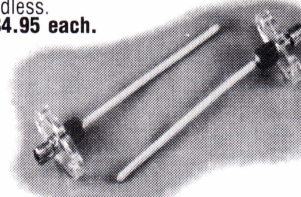
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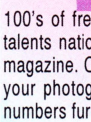
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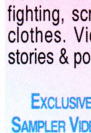
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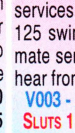
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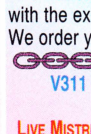
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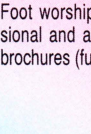
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THE RETURN OF SEXPL SEE BITCH GODDES

BY JOHNNY RAY HUSTON

Three buxom, bikini-clad go-go girls wildly dance the Watusi as a group of leering, sweaty-faced men cheer them on, yelling "Faster, baby! Go! Go!" A split-second later, those pussycats are going faster, drag-racing their own souped-up hot rods across the desert for kicks. There's blonde Billie, a good-time gal in white skin-tight hot pants. There's black-haired Rosie, a mean Mexican who "doesn't like nothing soft." And best of all, there's Varla, a sneering, karate-chopping giantess, dressed in black from head to steel-pointed toe.

That's just the beginning of *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, perhaps the greatest creation of the self-proclaimed king of sexploitation cinema, Russ Meyer. Filmed in 1966, *Faster Pussycat!* is a classic piece of Meyer sexploitation, complete with nutty dialogue, cartoony plot and hot-tempered, scantily clad women with huge cleavage. It's also one of the first female action films of its kind; the money-hungry, murderous Varla—who breaks the neck of an irritating beach-party boy with her own bare hands—appeared on drive-in screens across America long before Diana Rigg and *The Avengers* made it to U.S. television. Without a doubt, Meyer established the basic ingredients of sexploitation: titillating displays of female nudity covered up by an extremely flimsy plot, preferably involving either comedy or violence.

Today, almost 25 years since Meyer first captured his amazing breast fetish on film, sexploitation is still alive and well on cable television. Spilling out of her black lingerie, her bleached-blond hair teased up to the ceiling, an amiable casting-couch survivor named Rhonda plays hostess to late-80s low-budget flicks like *Sorority Babes In Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama* on USA's *Up All Night*, while on The Movie Channel's *Drive-In Theater*, Joe Bob Briggs—a good ol' boy who rates movies according to the number of breasts and dead bodies they display—sings the praises of his favorite bikini-wearing scream queens. Michael Weldon's *Psychotronic* catalogues 50s

and 60s sexploitation, including cheesecake "tease" films from the era, while another magazine, *The Betty Pages*, devotes itself entirely to the half-clad antics of Bettie Page, a wholesome-looking 50s bondage queen with a devoted cult following. For a younger generation of sexploitation buffs interested in contemporary entertainment, there's Chris Gore's *Film Threat Video Guide*, which rates brand new, direct-to-video releases like *Nudist Colony of the Dead* and *Curse of the Queerwolf* on a scale of one to ten.

In the 1990s, low-budget video production and consumption is steadily increasing, currently making up approximately five to ten percent of the entire video market. Hard-to-find retro "nude" curios are now easily available to collectors through mail-order companies like *Something Weird Video*, and a glut of softer-than-hardcore "alternative adult" entertainment offers a safe middle ground for video-store owners and customers in conservative regions who don't want to go to jail for sneaking a peak at a few naked bodies.

NC-17 and Unrated video releases of mainstream films promise a few more cheap thrills than their R-rated cinematic versions, while lower budget contemporary sexploitation continues to mutate into widely varying forms, some decidedly retro in flavor. There are the "erotic" films of Zalman King, made-for-cable "sexual awakening" movies with an Emmanuelle-style, *faux*-artsy feel. And there's the meta-schlock created by Troma Studios and directors like Fred Olen Ray; these filmmakers exaggerate the sensationalistic clichés of old exploitation to an absurd degree, stirring as many B-movie genres as possible into one big stinky soup. The hyperbolic title of Ray's most popular film, *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers*, for example, contains elements of both sexploitation and slasher cinema.

Something Weird's Mike Vraney has nothing but contempt for the contemporary likes of Zalman King: "That's not sexploitation, that's garbage," he says, before predict-

ing an early death for the recent "erotic thriller" trend in softcore entertainment. This makes sense, as Vraney—who lists a black-and-white, Texas-made circus-geek saga called *Passion In The Sun* as his favorite film—is largely responsible for the current boom in vintage sexploitation. More surprising is that Vraney's customers aren't only genre-collectors in search of campy material, but also "guys in their late 30s to their early 70s who actually saw this stuff originally in theaters and burlesque houses." Catering to a collector base that was "already out there," Vraney has almost single-handedly increased the vintage sexploitation market almost tenfold in just a few years. Before *Something Weird* opened, there were roughly 80 films from the genre available on video—now, there are nearly 600.

All of this adds up to a great deal of activity, especially since many people predicted sexploitation's death when hardcore porn achieved widespread popularity via *Deep Throat* in 1973. Back then, it was widely assumed that the explicit representation of actual sex would render the titillating nudity of softcore cinema obsolete. Without a doubt, theatrical porn did have some adverse effect on old-style sexploitation. In *Video Trash and Treasures*, Canadian author L.A. Morse mourns the genre's post-porn 1980s decline in popularity, proclaiming "women in prison" (*Chained Heat*) and "hookers and lookers" (*Angel*) films as the last bastions of interesting sexploitation. Morse has no interest in what he calls the "tits and laffs" sub-genre, those sophomoric, sex-obsessed teen comedies that thrived after the success of *Porky's*. "If a horror or action movie fails badly enough, there's always the possibility of inadvertent humor," he notes, "but a comedy that misses is only a leaden lump."

Truth be told, hardcore porn did kill off the cinematic careers of some of sexploitation's most notorious auteurs. The 1970s saw the last efforts of celebrated eccentrics like Doris Wishman, a mild-mannered middle-aged woman who directed two spy yarns starring Chesty "Double Agent 73" Morgan, and Ted V. Mikels, a barrel-chested, curly-mus-

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▶ tached man who filmed the pre-Charlie's Angels supermodel detective thriller *The Doll Squad* in his Hollywood castle, with a cast featuring a handful of his "wives."

Classics by Wishman and the similarly inventive Dave Friedman are sprinkled all over *Something Weird's* 200-film catalogue of treats, rubbing shoulders with early works by Francis Ford Coppola like *The Bellboy* and *The Playgirls* and *Tonight For Sure*, whose description reads: "A man struck by a rock sees nude women wherever he looks!"

What exactly does old sexploitation offer that today's harder porn doesn't? Dressed up in wonderfully lurid titles like *Bad Girls Go To Hell*, *How To Make A Doll* and *Blonde On A Bum Trip*, the genre's threadbare plots and often inept direction turn heterosexuality into camp. Freud would have a field day with the average sexploitation scenario, where the women are god-like and powerful while the men are drab and interchangeable, frequently reduced to infantile weakness by the fabulous female flesh in front of them.

Without a doubt, Russ Meyer helped create the archetypal dominant

woman with m a m m o t h mammaries who characterizes sexploitation. In 1959, Meyer directed what is commonly referred to as the first sexploitation film, *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, an hour-long tale of a man with x-ray vision that allows him to see through women's clothes. While more explicit films made the rounds at stag parties, *Mr. Teas* cleaned up in theaters. According to none other than *The Wall Street Journal*, it spawned 150 imitations; high-brow film critic Pauline Kael even mentions it in her 1964 essay collection *Deeper Into Movies!*



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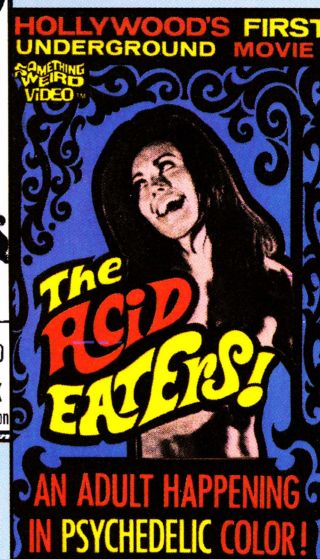
Though the women in his later films became wimpier and his conservative morals more overtly obnoxious, larger-than-life Meyer superstars like Tura Satana and Erika Gavin tower over the munchkin-sized snarling of current cult icons like Linnea Quigley and Traci Lords. Some of Meyer's trademark traits have even trickled upward (or watered down) into the realm of the mainstream "erotic thriller" in recent years—for example, traces of *Faster Pussycat's* Varla can be found in the bisexual murderess played by Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct*.



It's fairly safe to say that no current sexploitation director has half of Meyer's visual gusto. Full of leering low-angle shots and fast-action edits, his early films boast amazingly crisp and clean black-and-white action sequences, while the ludicrous bed-hopping plot-lines of his later efforts spill off the screen in vivid, acid-trip colors. Another Meyer forte disturbingly amiss from today's sexploitation cinema is snappy dialogue packed with swingin' lingo. None of the characters in *Faster Pussycat!* are capable of saying a straight line. When the men refer to Varla, they usually use an animal metaphor like "she's more stallion than mare." Varla herself gets most of the film's funniest zingers. "Do things look different to you when they're not horizontal?" she asks the film's dull male hero when their smooch session turns into a wrestling match. Earlier in the film, she calls the beach-party boy "a safety-first Clyde," before beating the living daylights out of him.

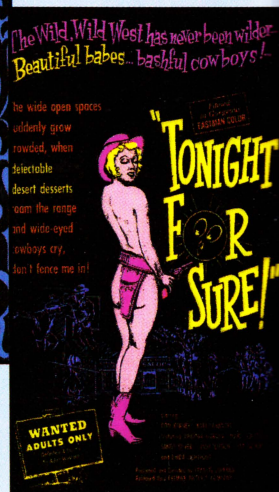
Though contemporary genre-mixers like *Prehistoric Bimbos In Armageddon City* shoot for the cartoon craziness of vintage sexploitation, too often they fall victim to a contrived wackiness, unimaginatively digging up as many decade-old clichés as possible in between occasional light-hearted doses of nudity. A younger generation of shock-tactic low-budget filmmakers, like *Film Threat* favorites Richard Kern and Jorg Buttgerit, mix as much simulated sex and gore as possible into their slightly more original creations, but the results amount to nothing more than pseudo-nihilistic play-acting. The corpse-humping shenanigans of Buttgerit's *Nekromantik I and II* show just how low punky hetero-sexploitation is willing to go in its current tedious search for taboos to violate. Trash collectors looking for a fresh and original vision are better off searching out *The Yo-Yo Gang* by Toronto's

G.B. Jones. It's a tale of warring yo-yo wielding girl gangs and moronic gay boys who pick



each other's noses. One of Jones' favorite films is *Mantis In Lace* (1968), the story of an LSD-crazed topless dancer who lures men to her apartment and murders them to which her own film has a similar sensibility.

Of course, in the end, creative artistry is just a side issue when it comes to sexploitation. As long as some men get a rise out of looking at naked women, the genre will continue to flourish; in recent years, it has blossomed from a relative cottage industry into big business. Writing about nude scenes in her book *Invasion of the B-Girls*, sexploitation queen Jewel Shepard





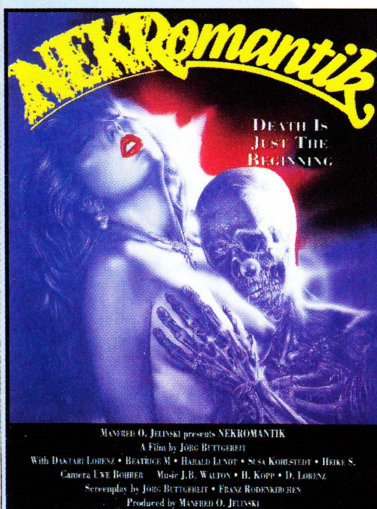
rattles of a list of reasons directors and producers provide for undressing, concluding with her personal favorite: "It's just two seconds on the screen. Right, two seconds on the screen. Do they know how many people have a VCR with a freeze-frame button?" The fact that there's an entire book devoted to such freeze-frame fanatics—Craig Hosoda's *Bare Facts Video Guide*, which tracks stars' nude scenes right down to the digital minute—goes to show that, hardcore porn or not, some people would rather rely on the teasing foreplay of R-rated nudity as a springboard for their sexual fantasies.

Still one can't help but wish that today's exploitation cinema was as ingeniously creative as it's devotees are in consuming and deconstructing it. In a recent issue of the trade publication

instead of hardcore, video buyers want "erotic thrillers, erotic comedies and erotic action/adventure." Right now, as sexploitation's defining boundaries continue to blur and expand, many of its time honored stereotypes beg to be fucked with. Where, for example, are the male equivalents of Joe Bob's fabulous babes? In the end, it might just take a lusty female director—preferably one with a good eye and a mighty big funny bone—to liberate the genre from its current constraints. Russ Meyer's evil female twin, where are you?



Johnny Ray Huston is a San Francisco-based freelance writer.



Adult Video News, editor Gene Ross lists off his all-time favorite skinny-dipping and nude shower sequences, notes the recent emergence of cable soap operas with nudity and adult game shows, and heralds the arrival of a new "romance cycle" where



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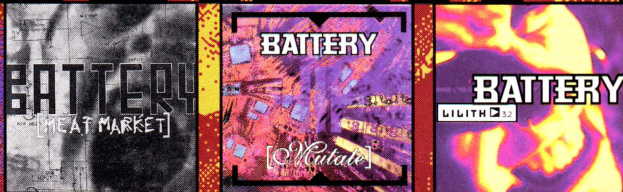
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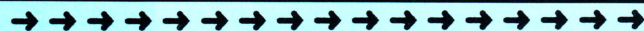
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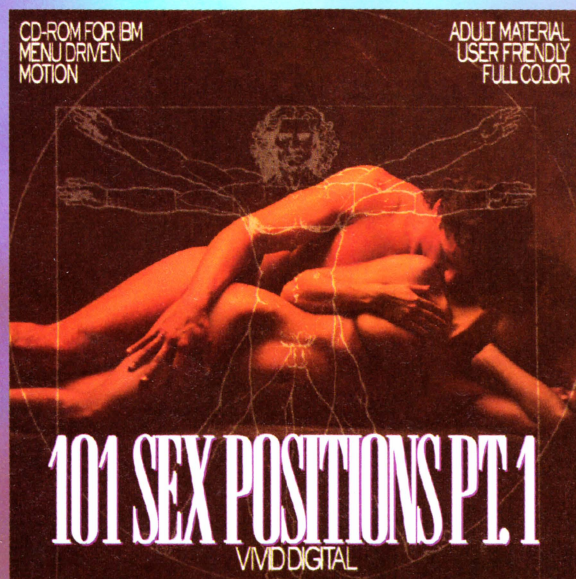
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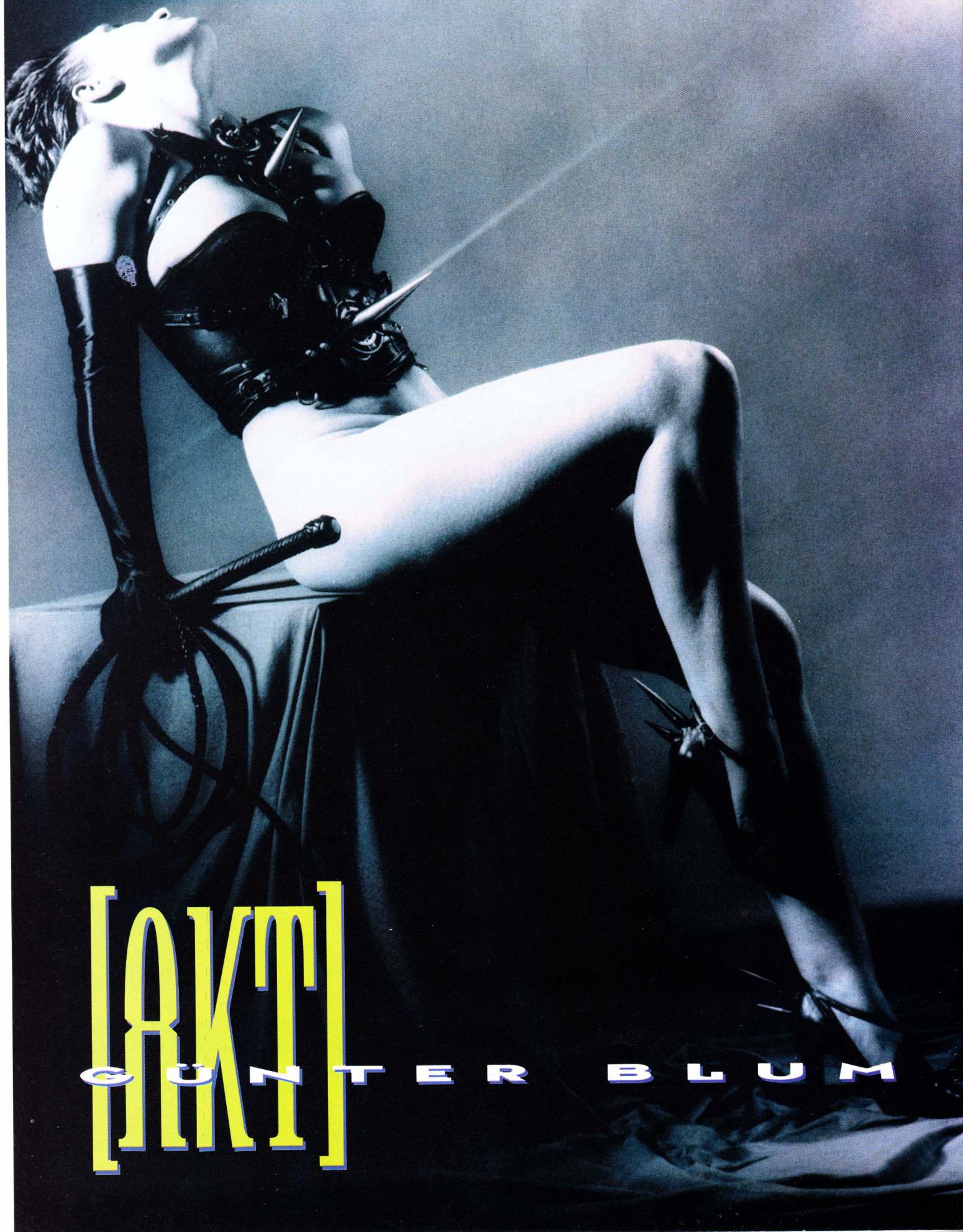
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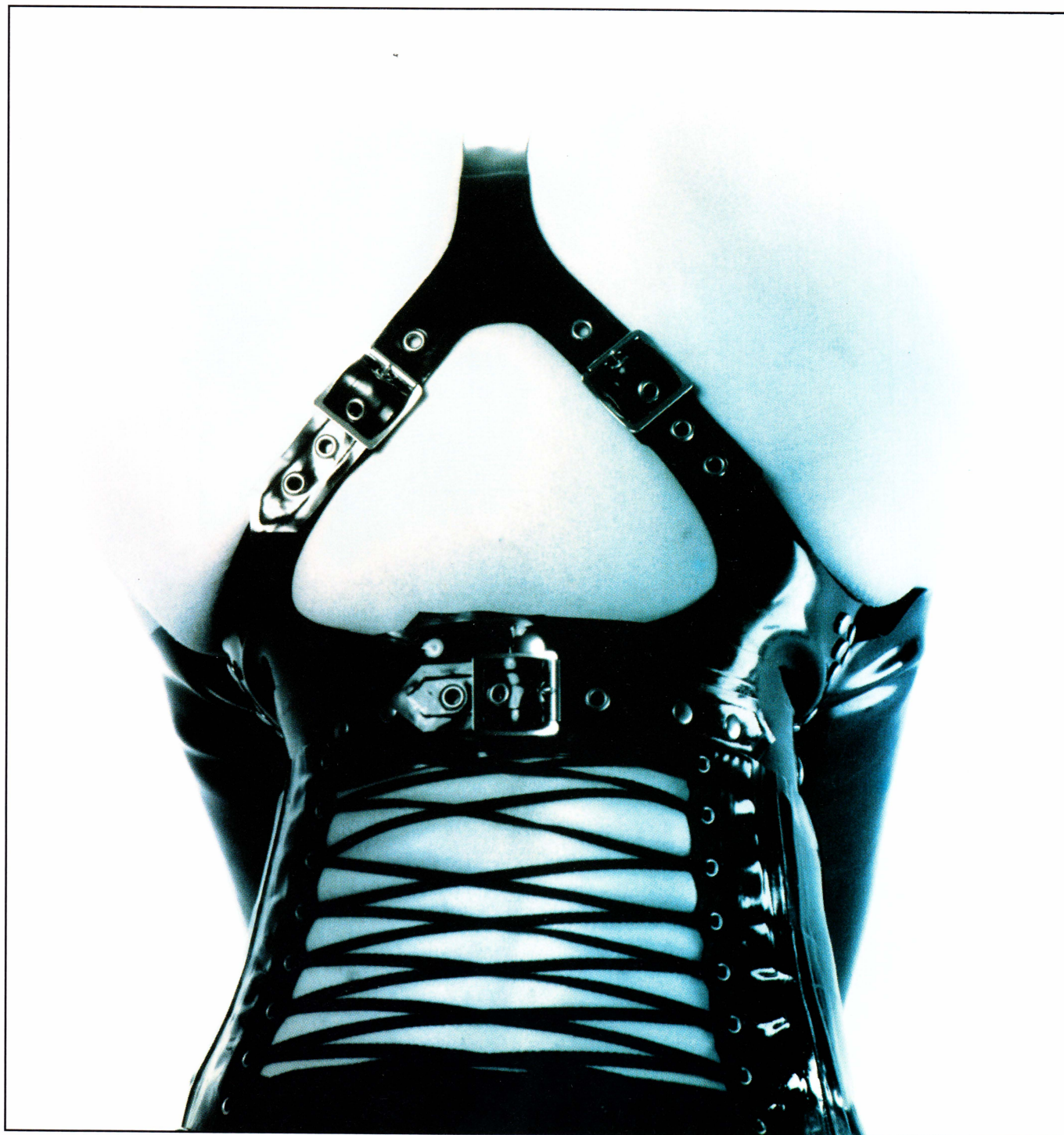


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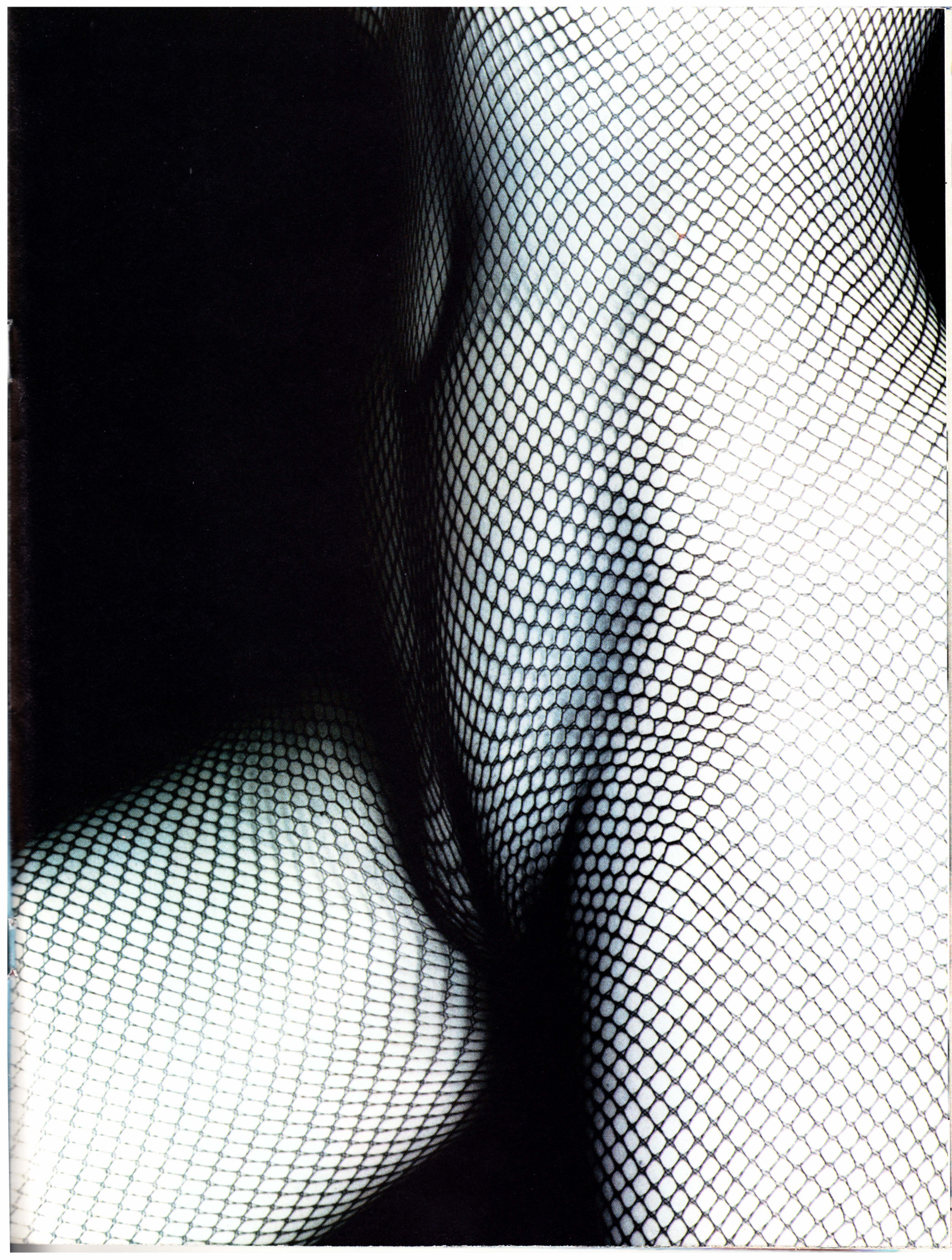
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GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER GÜNTER BLUM UNLEASHES FETISH AND FASHION IN HIS LATEST BOOK OF EROTIC IMAGES, *GÜNTER BLUM—AKT*. BLUM'S WORK HAS BEEN EXHIBITED IN MUNICH, AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK AND TOKYO. LIMITED, SIGNED HARD COVER EDITIONS OF THE BOOK ARE AVAILABLE IN THE U.S. THROUGH RYCROFT GALLERY, 1968 SERGE AVENUE, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, 95190. ORIGINAL PRINTS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE.









Snake Dance

By M . I . Blue



Rolling into the latex glove, your hand assumes the shape of a striking cobra, as though you were making a hand shadow in the wall. You hear yourself breathing quietly.

By this time you have already prepared your partner by tickling under his chin and putting your tongue into her nostrils, by putting rubber sex toys down into the boy's esophagus and spreading the elderly woman's mouth open with a speculum, by taking the girl's cheek between two fingers and giving it such a pinch and by tugging on the tongue, gently, with your teeth. You've taken care to relax your lover with soft words like these: "...yes, and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought just as well him as another and then I asked him with my

eyes to ask again... yes... yes..." And you've put her at ease with the kind of soft-down caresses just there along the base of the throat that

never suggest the rough touch or coercion. Perhaps you touch a perfect red nipple standing like an explosion on the breast or run a lazy wet finger along the base of the stiffening pink penis. You let her wipe her running nose on your naked shoulder. You laugh together, pulses racing into the night like trains.

Encourage him with your tongue to smile as widely as possible and when she does, paint his lips like a clown's with Probe.

It is all a matter of gradual, tender penetration. Try not to focus on the goal but on the process.

Put one, now two, three now four fingers into the mouth and play with expanding them. Feel the teeth like jewels against the top of your hand, the pad of the thumb. Feel how moist and warm. Now the cobra again.

Let the tips of all four fingers and the thumb gradually spread his moist lips and jaws, falling apart like the petals of a flower to accept your hand. Kiss each open eyeball with your tongue as you press, gently, inward. Cover her nose with your open mouth and exhale your breath deep into lover's lungs while you fill his sweet mouth with your slowly... clenching... fist.

...Put your mouth gently to her ear and whisper there, it's not important that your words be intelligible or even coherent, simply that your breath be present and your warm lips and tongue. As the jaws concede and the tongue capitulates, as the teeth relax, let your fist move, subtly at first, back and forth or slightly to and from, small shifting motions like those of a great ship settling to the bottom of an ancient ocean. When the moment is right you'll both know it. Begin the slow dance of penetrating the slick throat with your hand. There is nothing quite so erotic as seeing the lump of your fist in your lover's throat, like a mouse in the body of a cobra...

Michael Blue has been published in Damage, Ball, The People's Almanac, and Bakunin (a magazine for the Russian anarchist in all of us). He lives in San Francisco, where he performs as one of the mechanics in the spoken word garage band known as The Pep Boys.

Phoebe Gloeckner is a medical illustrator and underground comix artist. Her piece, "Morality Play" appeared in the second issue of Future Sex.



Something Scary
By Steven LaVoie

The world-
is a sacrifice

but I'm no lamb.
My proud heart

waits to pound
till I can ravish

whosoever's love
is brimming—

generous, without
conditions

and leap into
the reconstruction

of ramshackle fantasies
by making them happen

once and for all.
Doubt transformed

to fuel for our hunger,
yours for me and mine for you

with all its
deviance, defiance, danger.

Steven LaVoie is a poet, librarian, critic and free-speech activist with a column in a daily newspaper. He currently lives in Oakland where he is still hoping to find the relationship he describes in this poem.

Jeff Gompertz downloads his visual noise from Williamsburg (NYC) where he runs a new A/V performance laboratory called Mustard.

Barnacled Rosettes

By Nick Herbert

Baby, the sight of your barnacled rosettes
Drives me wild
Gives me the irresistible urge
To push my rigid eyestalks up your breeding tunnel.

O baby, please let me sample your oestral juices
With this chemotactic proboscis
I wanna sequence the neuropeptides
Dripping from your metatarsal glands.

Honey, of course I respect you.

Baby I know
You're a nice tweezele
Not a naughty urkalack
But when you feel my vibrations
I'd like you to do it back.

Yes, of course I respect you
Honey, read my mucous.

I know it's physically near impossible;
These parts evolved for other works.
I know it's an abomination;
It's forbidden by the church.
I know it's an outrage;
It's outlawed by the state.
But you and I, let's do it, love
Let's lingua-aurally communicate.

Honey, don't walk
Let's talk.

Here, lick my sternum:
The taste of my thoracic mucous
Should tell you
All you need to know
About my intentions.

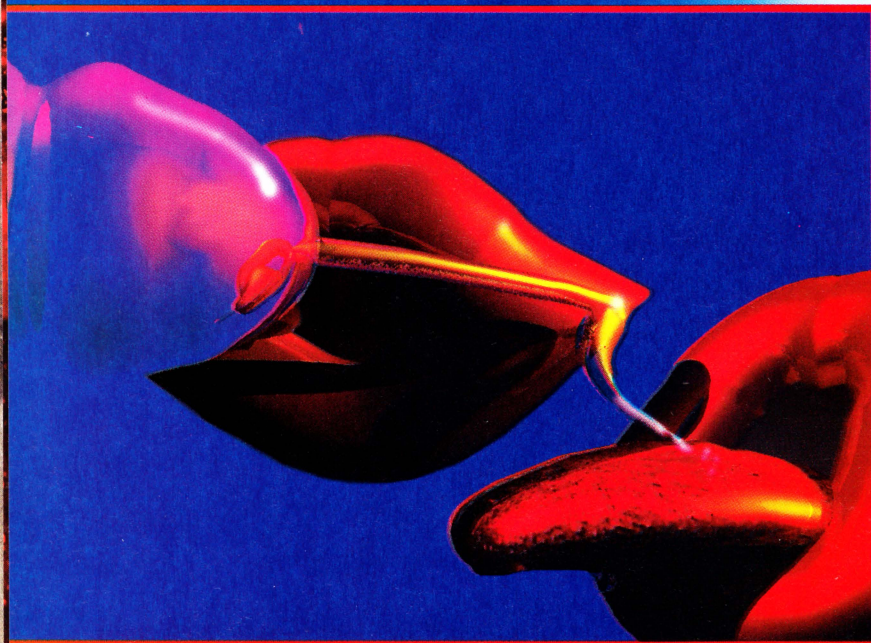
Satisfied, love?
Now can I slide my feeding tube
Down your slippery ovarian trough?
O baby, you taste so good
Makes me wanna do
Something perverse to you with my lips.

With my tongue and lips
I wanna excite our circumambient nutrient fluid
And stimulate your lovely otic organs.
Yes, I'm scared too.
Can you taste it
In my mucous?

Nick Herbert is a member of
the Santa Cruz Yes-verse
Movement interested in inter-
species communication.

Eric White is a graduate of the
Rhode Island School of Design.
His work has been published
in QO, Entertainment
Weekly and Mondo 2000.

TANTRIC FLESH DREAM



It looks up at me with its one eye shut and I fingerstroke its underside and it purrs and grows thick. Daydreams of natural blonde amazons and bald swastika girls grip my mind. I compete in imaginary games of lust and power.

I work it until it is handsome and twitching. The cane of authority pulses in my palm and I wield it with perverse abandon. A thousand breast textures rush through me and swing heavily overhead. The apricots are ripe and I touch them both and test them for firmness and bounce. I lather the object of my singular desire and the reality of my fantasy is protruding deeply. I run amok through situations and incidents involving stiletto heels and 609 peripheral motherhood. I am ruled by Venus and my planet is in the Seventh House of unadulterated desperation. It throbs now and is ultra-sensitive to the touch. The tube is stroked and the lotion wants out. I breathe unevenly and my face is flush. I strain for my unconditional release. The milk of desire need be spilled soon in trajectory.

I can no longer control my visions of nast; they envelope me with their moistness. They lead me on and deny me my need for tongue action. I writhe and bathe in Kundalini bikini secretion. My gasp is short and withheld. My pheromone production is high and completely involuntary. The little hardcat flexes for the fishnets and makes me aware of my position. I want it badly and I need it now. It eludes the exclusive member momentarily and then squeezes warm with wild rhythm. I moan in the ear

By Jon Warner Martin

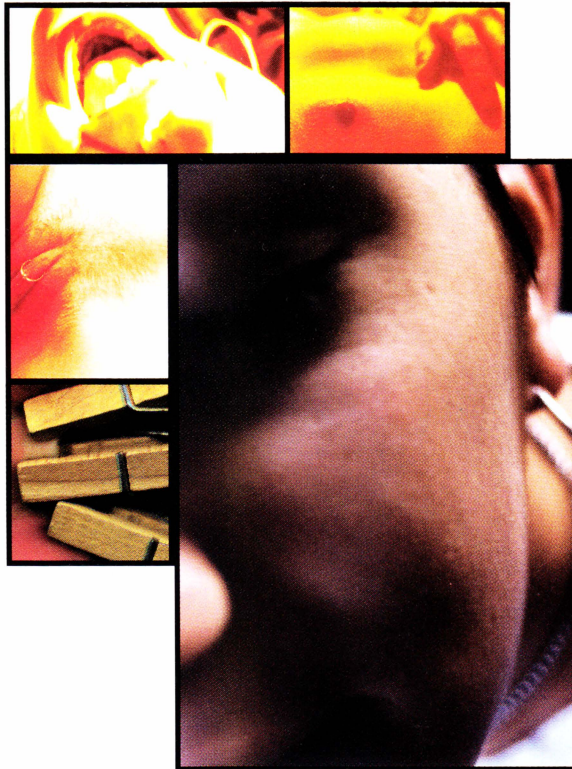


of the Space Goddess and she feathers me with wet. The riding crop circles make their required rounds and I am attentive. The petulant gash forces me onward and upward. My points are jutting and electric. My temperature is fire and sweat. My mind is on one track now and nothing could derail me. Upon the rigid washboard, the warm, dirty dishwater is finally thrown and the aereolic clouds pillow my loin and cotton the rooster, and flowing and spewing forth in spurts of leather miniskirt is sugarsex milkmucous swirling in a perverse universe where Everything is either hill or valley or river or bush and the cheek globes press and stick and the tantric flesh dream is realized.



Jon Warner Martin has self-published two books of prose and poetry, and his work has appeared in Puncture magazine and In the Company of Poets. He has read his works at venues around the Bay Area, including Show n' Tell gallery, Klub Komotion and the Paradise Lounge.

All 3D modeling was done by Roger Licot @ Hazardous Graphics in San Francisco. He is also the author/illustrator of the comic book Toxine.



I love to put clothespins on my cuntlips and fuck myself hard with a dildo. The clothespins hurt at first and then the hurt fades and all I am aware of is the weight of the clothespins. I use them to pull my cuntlips open even wider.

I imagine being made to do this in front of the classroom, on the teacher's desk. The voice of the teacher drones on as she uses her pointer to highlight details to the class. ...notice how quickly she gets wet and watch how she uses two fingers here, on the most sensitive spot...

I can feel everyone looking at me.

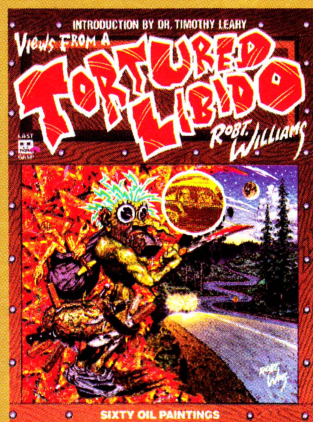
...see how she tugs on her clithood ring... her breathing is getting faster... My nipples are so hard they hurt.

I reach up and put my fingers in my mouth just to taste myself. I love the smell and taste of my own wetness. The teacher's pointer stick grazes over my sore nipples. I come hard and scream as I pull the clothespins off.

Ann Wertheim has been getting into lots of trouble lately with a computer and a modem. And a few clothespins.

Evan Sornstein is principal of Curium Design and one of the art directors of Future Sex magazine.

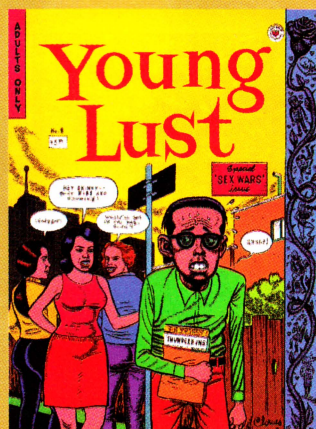
Last Gasp Book Shelf



VIEWS FROM A TORTURED LIBIDO
The new collection of Williams' 60 latest paintings. As the list of eager art collectors grows, Williams keeps reaching into the deepest layers of his psyche to commit to canvas his Americana-fueled visions. Hot rods, monsters, girls in bikinis and taco stands are but a few of the distinctive elements of a Williams painting. Introduction by Timothy Leary. Soft cover, 32 full color pages. \$24.95

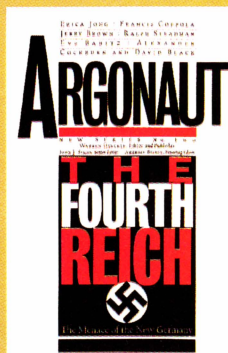


KUSTOM KULTURE
Published in conjunction with the Laguna Art Museum as a catalog to their show of the same name, this book contains artwork by Robert Williams, Von Dutch and Ed "Big Daddy" Roth. Hot rod art at its best by three of the masters of the form, this is a perfect illustration of a very American art form. Soft cover, 98 pages, 175 illustrations mostly color. \$29.95

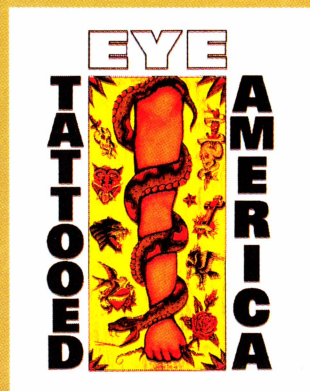


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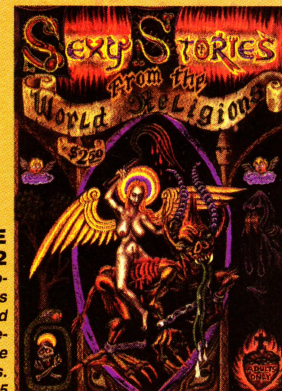
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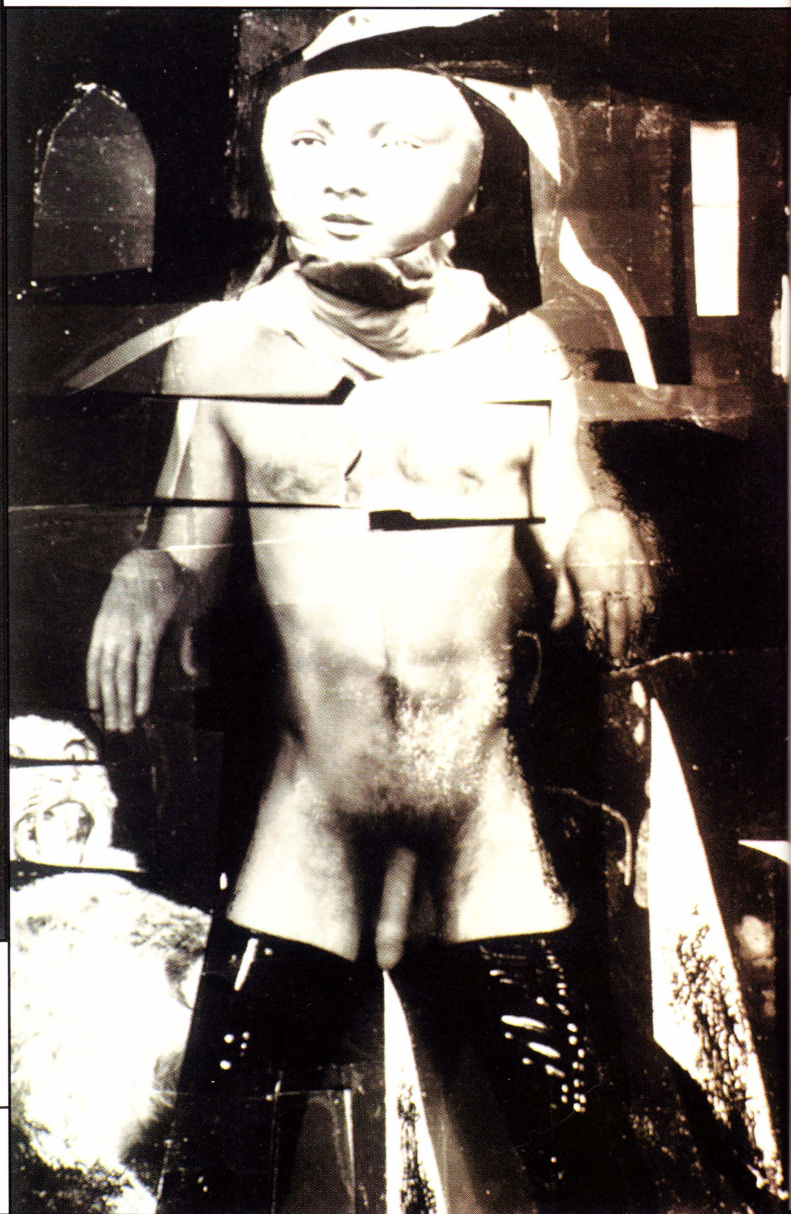
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robert griffeth

Lover of the Saint



Blue Boy





Linda on the table

richard kern

Into Being One

peter turner





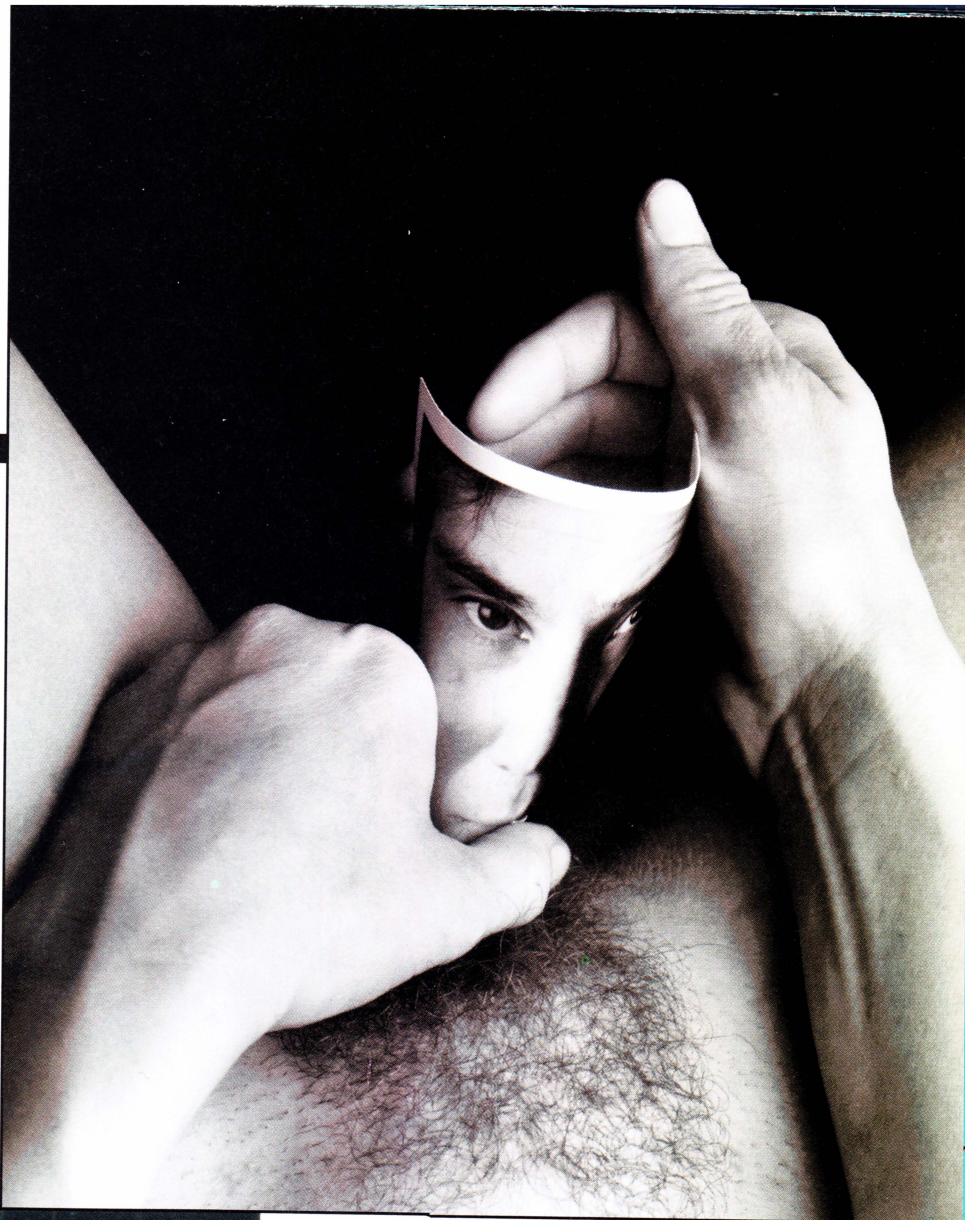
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christine rosholt



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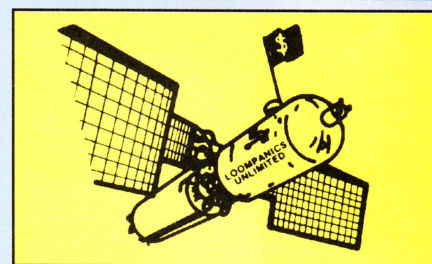
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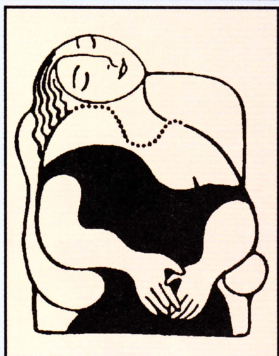
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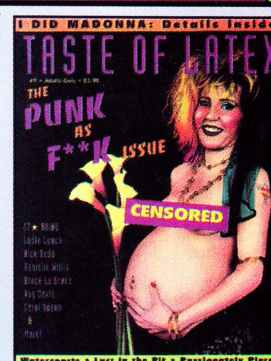


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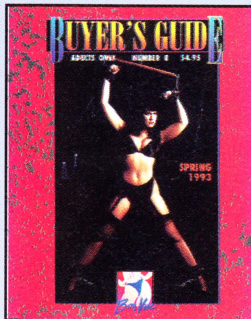
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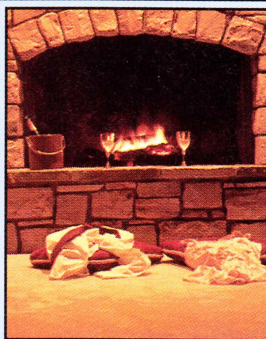


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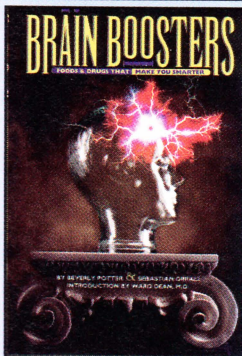
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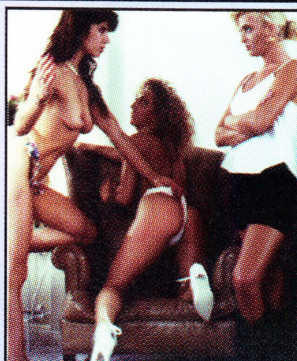
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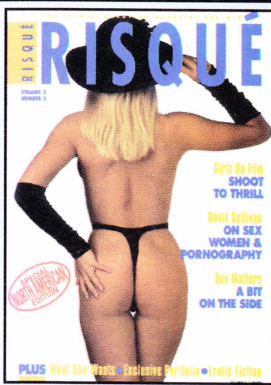
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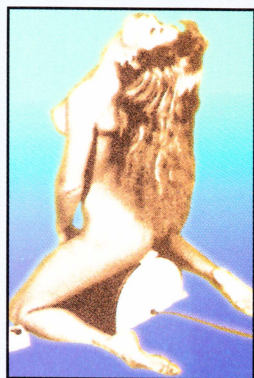


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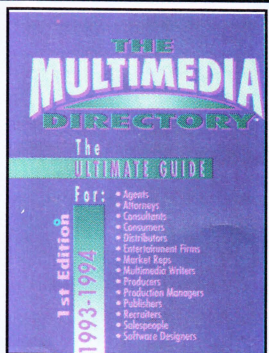


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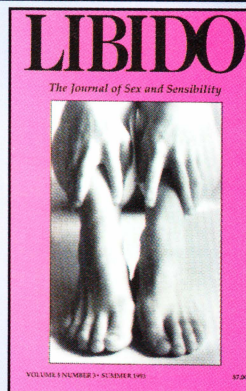
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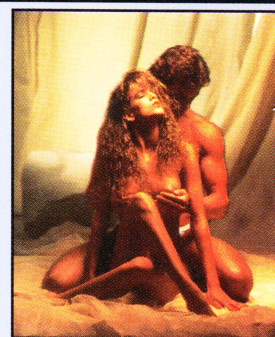
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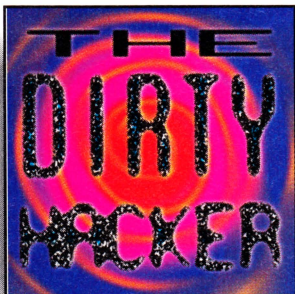
BBSes

THE DIRTY HACKER

Modem: 914-794-1971

Rates: 3 month membership/\$10, includes 1 hour + 500k download a day

Online raunch takes a small step forward on The Dirty Hacker. Billed as "the nastiest board in the Catskills," it would be difficult to imagine what could be nastier in the Catskills and still available by modem.



The Dirty Hacker is graphics-oriented and offers several thousand GIFs. Downloading is a crap shoot; some images are poorly scanned and not worth the price of the phone call, even if it's local. But low quality is made up for in wide variety. The GIFs lean toward the nicely kinked, covering double-penetration, threesomes, bestiality, orgies and more. All files come with descriptions like: "Girl Pisses On Her Own Face" or "Biggest Clit In The World...! I Didn't Believe It At First...This Is One Big Clit." This board requires that you upload one GIF for every nine GIFs you download. In other words, if you have no GIFs to give, you get none.

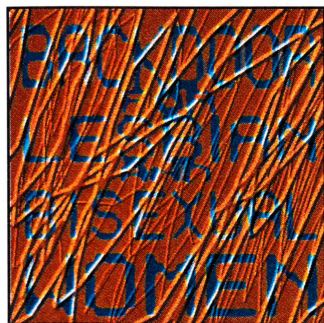
The Dirty Hacker also provides reviews of X-rated movies, whorehouses, mail order companies and phone sex services. There are interactive sex games, surveys and quizzes, online chat, a video database and email services. Prices are moderate and start at \$10 for a basic three-month membership. —David Seely

THE BACKDOOR FOR LESBIAN AND BISEXUAL WOMEN

Modem: 415-756-6238

Voice: 415-756-2906

Rates: \$25 for 5 hours



The San Francisco-based Backdoor has boards for gay men, straight people and lesbian/bisexual women. The setup is easy, the Sysops are friendly and Internet/ Studsnet access has just been put in, but there's one problem: there are very few women using Backdoor. While gay men's Backdoor is cruisy, the women's Backdoor is way too quiet.

Backdoor Sex "Hallways" offer Hot Bedroom Sex, Whips and Chains, Kink and Raunch while Non-sex gives you Jokes, Travel Tips, Politics, Entertainment and Wall Street. Spaces are available for both vanilla and S/M sex talk as well as private chat, interactive sex games and email. Backdoor also includes plenty of non-sexual resources so you can read about health issues, do some shopping or look up BBSes in other states.

Though there are few women on Backdoor, I did meet one. We talk about sex a lot and even had sex online once. It's fun to come and type at the same time. If only more women would try it. —Debbie Gross

ECHO

Modem: 212-989-8411

9600 Baud and above: 212-989-3286

Voice: 212-255-3839

Rates: One free month, then \$19.95 for first 30 hours

Founded three years ago by Stacy Horn, ECHO stands for "East Coast Hang Out" and is the virtual scene for real New Yorkers and downtown wanna-bes from all over the country. The atmosphere is informal, with "Yo!" being the command for sending realtime messages. The most popular conference—not surprisingly—is Culture, where all the highs and lows of Americana get dissected with the kind of scalpel one can only buy in SoHo. Other conferences include Cyberia, American Mythologies (hosted by post-Barthes semiotician Marshall Blonsky), Movies & TV, New York and, of course, Sex.

But if you're looking for up-all-night kink, you might decide to stick with lower Manhattan cable. "In spite of the fact that ECHO is an underground Peyton Place—lots of dating, broken hearts, weddings and babies—the Sex and Love Conferences are fairly inactive compared to the rest of the conferences," says Horn. Could it possibly be (gasp) that New Yorkers just aren't getting laid as much as we think they are? "The theory is that New Yorkers do it, they don't waste time talking about it." Well, some people talk: The item "Awful Things Men Do in Bed" raked in 609 responses. ("Awful Things Women Do in Bed" only got 233.) At any rate, Sex is a private conference and requires users to email the hosts KZ and Alien for access. You must also be at least 18 years old and a mammal. If you fit the description, you might be the one to whip this conference into a proper frenzy. —I. Castle

ODYSSEY

Modem: 818-358-6968

Voice: 1-800-947-0936

Rates: \$19.95 membership + \$12/month with 2 free net-work hours

The thing about logging on to a sex BBS is that it's like going to a party: it's more fun if you know people. While Odyssey encourages uncensored sex talk, getting to know other users (and BBS etiquette) is the key to unchaining your heat. After all, it takes some chutzpah to strike up a conversation with a stranger much less ask, "Wanna fuck?"



The place to start is the After Hours main chat lounge. It's where you'll find the charming Hostess LA, your personal BBS guide, who shows you how to get around. From there, you can check out other forums (Hot Adult, Jacuzzi, Anything Goes!), start up your own personal channel—where other users are individually invited to join in—or enter a private chat with only one other user. Odyssey also features games, a matchmaking database, thousands of X-rated GIFs, plus plenty of other non-sexual resources. The board also offers complete anonymity; however, if you're interested in a lasting erotic connection, switching gender or faking your sexual preference is not advised.

Users can dial direct, or log on from any local CompuServe number by entering "Odyssey" at the host prompt. You must be at least 18 to log on.

—I. Castle

THE WELL

Modem: 415-332-7417

Voice: 415-332-4335

9600 Baud and above: 415-332-8410

Rates: \$15/month, plus \$2/hr (\$3/hr for 9600 baud)

The WELL (Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link) is a system with a distinctly northern California feel. Located in Sausalito, just across the bay from San Francisco, the WELL is a digital outgrowth of the Whole Earth Catalog series. Not surprisingly, the online conferences have the same eclectic clientele

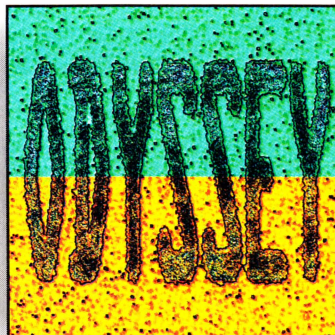


and outlook as the catalogs; conferences include Computers, virtual reality, Books, Science Fiction and, of course, Sexuality and Eros. While the WELL isn't a sex board, Sexuality and Eros host lively—and

sometimes screaming—debates over all types of sexual mores and *amore*. A few recent entries in Sexuality include: "Sexual Punishments," "Multiple Partners," "Sex and Sexuality in Japan" and "Taboos: What we DON'T talk about...even here...and Why." There is also Erospr, a private sex conference, which you must be invited to join. This private conference is where a few GIFs lurk, put there by other members. But the primary attraction of the WELL isn't visual, it's verbal. Besides conference discussions, two features that will get your words to the right person are unlimited email and realtime messaging, both of which make cyberspace cruising and flirting easy and—sometimes—quite rewarding. However, if you use the WELL remember that it isn't an online singles bar, and if you email people messages they consider inappropriate they (or the Sysop) will let you know about it.

If you're calling long distance, there are ways to net into the WELL through a local online system and avoid extra phone charges. For info on how to do this call the WELL's voice number.

—R. Kadrey



Software

THE INTERACTIVE ADVENTURES OF SEYMORE BUTTS

New Machine Publishing

Requirements: System 6.07 or higher, 4 MB RAM, color monitor

CD ROM, \$69.95

Don't confuse Seymore Butts with Buttman—in fact, this porn romp could be renamed Seymore Blowjob since our camera-toting hero lavishes an awful lot of footage on his own wang, as he and his buds prowl their seedy North Hollywood neighborhood in search of fresh bootie. Still, the amateurish handheld point-of-view is more arousing than annoying, and the sex benefits greatly from lots of natural sunlight on a sultry Stage III smog day.

Interactivity is a relative thing, and the user choices here are only tenuously related to any sort of plot—they're mostly just an excuse to fuck the girls more times in more ways. When the interactive pace lags, a shortcut feature lets you cheat straight to the grand finale in which Seymore finally bags his reluctant next-door neighbor in a tantalizing choice of blowjob, vibrator, doggie, and swinging-from-the-ceiling scenes. Seymore's something of a 60-second man, and the dialogue ranges from hopelessly lame to simply idiotic, but the women are sexy, the scenarios are fun, and this company's moving in the right direction. —Keith Hammond



THE VASTA COLLECTION

Body Cello

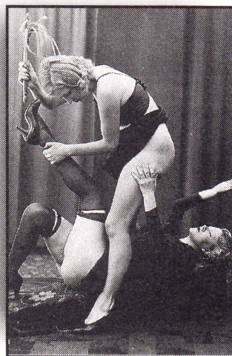
Requirements: Macintosh System 6.07 or higher; Hypercard 2.1

CD-ROM, \$39.95

Contrary to popular mythology, smut was not invented sometime in the 1960s. *The Vasta Collection* pulls together 277 classic nineteenth and early twentieth century erotic images from the collection of Joseph Vasta, a noted collector and authority on vintage erotica. These shots are not pornographic by today's standards, but are better described as "naughty." They're the kind of pictures you'd find on saucy French postcards hidden in your grandfather's attic.

The images are mostly black and white, and stored in three formats (8-bit, 24-bit and TIFF) making them easy to display. In fact, simple viewing is included on the disc. You can also look for individual shots by title or category (such as Bondage, Costumes, Groups, Leather, Seated Nudes, etc.).

While most of these images seem tame now, they are oddly inspiring. When you see 70-year-old bondage shots, it's a reminder that 1) there's nothing new under the sun and 2) no matter what kind of sex you like, you're part of a continuum of desire that goes back a long, long way. —Richard Kadrey



PORNOWRITER

Smurfs in Hell, Macintosh floppy disk, \$10 from Robert Carr, P.O. Box 2761, Borah Station, Boise, Idaho 83701

Ever read those porn magazine letters columns where (alleged) readers write in about their (alleged) sexual antics? Even though you know they're a pack of lies, they still make you feel like a slug because these people even have better lies than you. Well, now the pain is over. *PornoWriter* is software for anyone who's ever wanted to fire off a pornographic tall tale but never quite got around to it.

Open up *PornoWriter* and it gives you a couple of scenarios to choose from. It then creates outrageously complicated and physically impossible fables for you to indulge in. For instance, choose the "Clapp Twins" and you might get: *Lisa was amoral and almost a double for Klaus Barbie! Jessica was brain dead and had the biggest pair of tits I'd ever seen!...Late one night as I was taking care of some unfinished embalming, there was a knock at the door...* Along with the canned scenarios, *PornoWriter* features a wonderful range of absurd sound effects, including rants from Jerry Falwell and songs by Mr. Rogers. You really can't program *PornoWriter*, it just spews out scenes from the topic you select; but for ten bucks, it's a steal. —Richard Kadrey



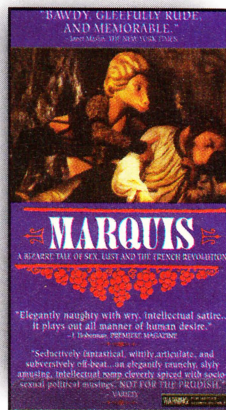
Videos

MARQUIS—A BIZARRE TALE OF SEX, LUST & THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Directed by Henri Xhonneaux with Roland Topor

First Run Features Home Video, 1993

Marquis de Sade, the posthumously celebrated pornographer, makes it to film as...a dog. He's a French-speaking, filly-fucking, cow-lusting canine who resembles a Muppet. The puppet show takes place in a Bastille prison chamber on the eve of the French Revolution. In his cell Marquis converses with Colin, his erect cock, about political, sexual and artistic freedom. Colin boldly asserts his privilege to Marquis, "Your body belongs to me...You're not the boss. I can make you lose your head!" Marquis rebukes Colin's avowal of power with a long overdue explanation for their blasphemous imprisonment, "defecat[ing] on crosses is a merely practical demonstration...I myself refuse to subdue my passions." All this talk of "passions" makes Colin very horny—along with various other animal visitors (especially an insatiable "turd packing" prison guard rat)—and while he begs for bed-



time stories of carnal delights, Marquis peppers his speech with rants and raves about liberty, free will, Diderot and Rousseau.

More than just a bawdy treatment of eighteenth century French hypocrites, *Marquis* is a tribute to Sade the writer, revolutionary, rogue and romantic. —Allison Diamond

THE CREASEMASTER

THE CREASEMASTER'S WIFE

Directed by Gregory Dark

VCA Platinum

This pair of Gregory Dark movies wins hands down over his recent, witless *New Wave Hookers 3*. The secret to their success is a charmingly forthright performance by Tiffany Million as the suburban wife of an insurance salesman who flips out, renames himself Jean Paul Slamdog and becomes obsessed with studying pussies. An older actress who usually gets stuck in bitchy businesswoman roles, Million suffers from one of the worst tit jobs in the business, but in the *Creasemaster* movies she looks elegantly sensational (affirming my personal faith in the miraculous powers of a good hairdresser).

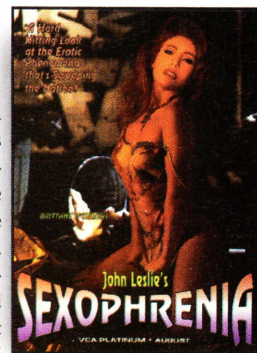
Well-written dialogue and natural performances by Mike Horner and Devon Shire lend piquancy to the protagonist's mania. The only false note is struck by Johnathan Morgan (Slamdog), whose incessant eye-rolling and inane "observations" ("Fold upon fold—like the universe itself!") get real annoying. Besides Dark's trademark technique—lively, often nonsequential montage editing—the lesbian action in *Creasemaster* has a conspiratorial glee that subtly undermines the director's Bad Boy attitude. Jean Paul Slamdog may be the *Creasemaster*, but the girls rule these movies. —Laura Miller

SEXOPHRENIA

Directed by John Leslie

VCA Platinum

Porn veteran John Leslie directed this poker-faced mockumentary about the "tragedy" of the eponymous mental disease. Expertly mimicking the style and tone of earnest TV "issue shows," *Sexophrenia* gives several male performers the chance to stretch their cramped acting skills and renew porn's age-old bond with subversive satire. E.Z. Ryder, playing Dr. Carl Blake, M.D., spouts vague clinical nonsense with the concerned professional urgency of official disease spokesmen, never quite managing to describe the actual symptoms of the illness. Meanwhile, Joey Silvera depicts a shambling,



destitute lunatic (who, in his worst moments, dons a Savannah wig) with uncanny skill. Given the movie's flophouse location, even Tom Byron's white-trash homeliness seems appropriate. Would that the sex scenes were as arresting. A hot interlude between Britanny O'Connell and Rocco Siffredi is the only stand-out, but then Siffredi routinely outclasses his male colleagues in this department. As the script scales the heights of Monty Pythonesque giddiness, you may find yourself fast-forwarding to get to the dialogue. —Laura Miller

TETSUO: THE IRON MAN

Directed by Shinya Tsukamoto
Fox Lorber Video



A funny and surreal Japanese film that's sort of a cyberpunk retelling of Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*, only in this version we're in on the agonizing transformation of briefcase-toting Salaryman into a monster, an amorphous combination of flesh and metal. At the beginning of *Tetsuo*, the Salaryman and his girlfriend make violent love, and this sets up an erotic tension throughout the rest of the film. In a film full of frightening and sexually-charged scenes, the explosion is when the transforming Salaryman's cock metamorphoses into a spinning drill, splintering a table as he pursues his girlfriend through their apartment.

Combining a driving industrial soundtrack with amphetamine-laced imagery, a feverish eroticism and threads of black humor worthy of Lynch or Buñuel, director Shinya Tsukamoto (who also plays the title character, an androgynous metal-fetishist) pulls off something Hollywood finds almost impossible: creating a film that's both accessible and capable of showing you things you've never seen before. —Richard Kadrey



CITY OF LOVE

Ashkabab
Real World

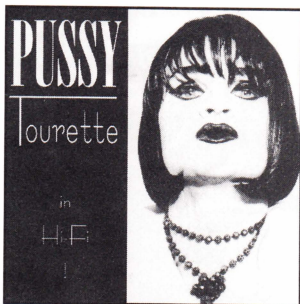
Somehow in the West we've got-



ten the idea that love songs have to be slow, serious tunes with way too many violins. Fortunately, straight outta the Russian Republic of Turkmenistan comes Ashkabab. Their name means City of Love, and they're here to kick down your apartment walls and bust up your furniture, all in the name of romance. Imagine the coolest belly-dancing band in the world, toss in a hint of Western jazz, Middle-Eastern seasonings and songs about love lost and gained. Ashkabab's tempos are seldom what we would consider slow but they're always sensuous, as on the instrumental "Gassan." More typical, though, is the frenetic pace of love songs such as "Bibining" and "Kethshpelek." Ashkabab gives us a glimpse of a very different way of expressing love—not through-turgid ballads, but through joyful and exhausting exuberance. —Richard Kadrey

PUSSY TOURETTE IN HI-FI!

Pussy Tourette
Feather Boa Music



To truly appreciate Pussy, you need to understand a few things. First, Pussy is a raven-haired, stilet-to-wearing, gothic-glam drag queen. She is a foul-mouthed, bitch-slapping seductress. *Pussy Tourette in Hi-Fi* bends gender in a mindfucking celebration of sexuality, with lyrics verily dripping with double entendres. When Ms. Tourette belts out "you've done it baby, you've made me juicy/ Now do it to me and FuckMyPussy," you get this sudden desire to drop to your knees. In "French Bitch," Pussy laments losing

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her man to a "wide-eyed girl...with a pussy she brought with her from overseas." At the end of this tract a cat-fight ensues with all the appropriate sound effects.

Although there is everything from techno-pop to honky-tonk and even a queer operetta, don't expect any innovative harmonies or hi-tech hip-hop. *Pussy Tourette* is a package deal of attitude, style and music for people who like to laugh while they fuck. —Daryl-Lynn Johnson

JANET

Janet Jackson
Virgin Records

Janet Jackson leaves little to the imagination. And that's a good thing. She's embracing a new agenda—sex—under the helm of her longtime collaborators, Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis. *janet* doesn't have the urgent energy of *Control* or *Rhythm Nation 1814*, but it packs enough R&B ballads and feisty dance tracks to fill an episode of *Soul Train*.



Janet's out—well, she's singing out—about what feels good. Whether she's being caressed, undressed, pleaded with or whispered to, she's getting turned on and sharing it with us. On "That's the Way Love Goes," she sweetly croons, "don't stop/ go deeper baby deeper/ you feel so good I'm gonna cry." Most of the songs on *janet* come up a bit short on the orgasmic build or the highball grooves of *Control*, but there's some impressive vocal dancing on "If" where Janet confesses about the "many nights I've laid in bed excited." *janet* is like a smoothie milkshake that you don't have to gulp down, you can sip with a straw. Her message is simple but not plain: You want it, I want it, let's do it! —Allison Diamond

ORGAN FAN

Silverfish
Chaos/Columbia Records

If Silverfish vocalist Lesley Rankine is happy with the choices life has to offer (such as "when to kiss and when to kill" and "when to

suck and when to blow"), then she must be thrilled with all the ways she can go about these things. *Organ Fan*, the first full-length release from these British noise-rockers, offers up enough knives, guns, wounds, blood, whores, hips, lips, tits and squealing pigs to satisfy the most base and twisted sex/violence hunger any one person could ever hope to experience.



Produced by New York's Lower East Side prince, Jim Thirwell (Mr. Foetus to you), *Organ Fan* is ten original tracks, two covers (David Essex's "Rock On" and the very 60's-feeling "Crazy," from an obscure Italian porn film), plus four tracks from a 1992 EP. Circular, buzzing guitars and a relentless pulverizing rhythm section propel Rankine's seething rants; only on the French-sung "Dechainée" does she let up and try a softer delivery. While Rankine's strength and stamina are impressive, her growl would be more effective leavened by occasional forays into subtlety. —Carmilla DeVille

EXILE IN GUYVILLE

Liz Phair
Matador Records

GIRL

Boss Hog
Amphetamine Reptile Records

RID OF ME

PJ Harvey
Island Records



Patti Smith and Debbie Harry imposed their presence upon a youth in the mid-70s who were as

thirsty for sexual aggression as they were for reckless angst. Liz Phair, PJ Harvey and Boss Hog's Cristina are three artists who have as little in common musically as Smith and Harry, but share their predecessor's sexual prowess.

Liz Phair appears to have grown up with the kind of creative nurturing most people covet. On her debut release, *Exile In Guyville*, she writes, arranges, produces, plays and sings alluring, atonal pop. She tackles with unself-conscious aplomb the state of men as seen through the female viewfinder. Free love may have freed up female rigidity but it also gave men more permission to fuck around without sticking around. Phair acknowledges her ambivalence of the sexual revolution in "Fuck and Run:" "Whatever happened to a boyfriend/ the kind of guy who tries to win you over/...the kind of guy who makes love cause he's in it." And in "Girls! Girls! Girls!" Phair doesn't skimp on words, admitting, "I take full advantage of every man I meet/ I get away...with...murder" Best of all on "Flower" she proudly unleashes, "I want to fuck you like a dog/ I'll take you home and make you like it."



On her second release, *Rid of Me*, she beats her angry prerogative to death in a trail of intricately orchestrated songs that essentially cover sex. Her raw and melodic vocals wail directions ("lick my legs I'm on fire/ lick my legs of desire"), observations ("you leave me dry") and declarations ("I'm flying...I'm floating...I'm in ecstasy") all with the urgent composure of a complex young woman diving head first into libidinal waters.

Cristina, Phair and Harvey's appeal owes as much to their musical intercourse as it does to their carnal conviction. —Allison Diamond

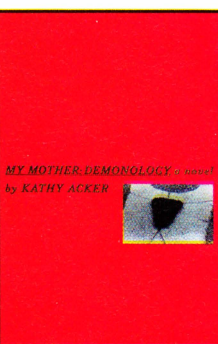


MY MOTHER: DEMONOLOGY

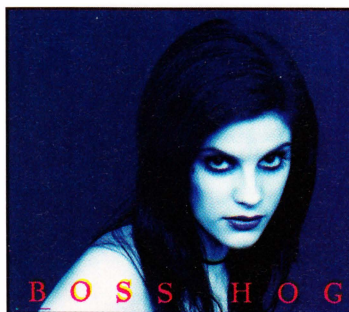
by Kathy Acker
Pantheon Books, \$22.00

Kathy Acker may be the world's first hip-hop novelist—transfusing new life from the open veins of literary classics the way rap artists sample old James Brown riffs. In her tenth book, *My Mother: Demonology*, Acker chews up Brontë and spews out something resembling *Wuthering Heights*. With a straight-out-of-Dante muse and a mutilated murder victim named Beatrice, Acker tears out enough eyeballs to fill a

Sophocles play and a George Bataille novella, speaking of bodily orifices and their fluids with a gusto unseen since



Tropic of Cancer. Her heroine, Laure, wanders through a blood-



Boss Hog's Cristina, who apprenticed with the late 80s punk disaster Pussy Galore, has a habit of posing nude for her band's album covers and reveling in her bare-assed displays. With *girl+* she brings be-bop noise and confrontational sex appeal to fervid levels and gives new meaning to the words *breathy* and *gut-wrenching* when brazenly launching into songs about seduction, hustling and femme fatales. With gusto and grace, Cristina proves sex is power.

PJ Harvey's public defense of herself and her songs, when chastened sexually confident or feminist, attests you can write like a Sister and still not speak like one.

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Daniel. Hear a man
masturbating to a 3-D
virtual climax.

Michelle. Experience
a woman bringing
herself to multiple
climaxes with running
water in her bathtub.

Robert. Hear a man
masturbating.

Cindy & Stephen.
Experience a couple
performing fellatio,
cunnilingus, passionate
intercourse, and cunni-
lingus again.

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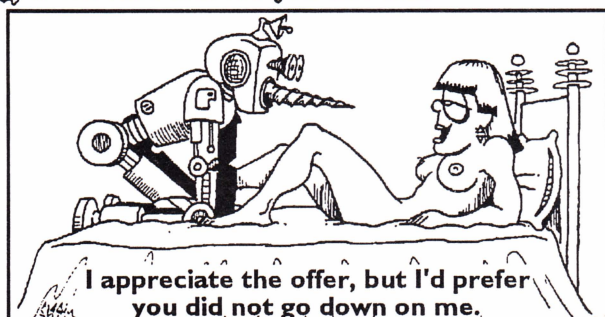


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and-guts landscape of reality, memory and fantasy, weaving the story of her troubled life while shredding and Scotch-taping the English language in ways that would leave Joyce scratching his head. Laure parties hard, traipses the globe (with stops in "that Belly of Hell Whose Name is the United States" and "Clit City,") and speaks often of her "wildness"—kind of a post-punk Holly Golightly on a motorcycle. Raw, sexual and insistent as a 12-inch groove, Acker's prose howls off the page, bypassing the rational brain and going straight for the jugular. —Mary Elizabeth Williams

MADONNARAMA: ESSAYS ON SEX AND POPULAR CULTURE

Edited by Lisa Frank and Paul Smith
Cleis Press, \$9.95

There is an absurdity attached to critiquing a book that critiques a book. Since it's essential to have studied Madonna's book, *Sex*, before reading *Madonnarama: Essays on Sex and Popular Culture*—who is the book for? Madonna fans who've bought *Sex*? Urban hipsters thirsty for counter-culture discourses on popular culture? Fans of the eleven mostly sex-positive essayists?

Unfocused marketing aside, *Madonnarama* successfully combats the press' predictably shocked and/or bored take on *Sex* with original, uncompromising, sometimes abstruse, yet mostly discernible writing on the myth, the money and the Material Girl. Andrew Ross and John Champagne spice their essays with buzz words like "identity politics" and "heterogeneity" for readers whose highbrow sensibilities long for their textual references to Delacroix or Foucault. Douglas Crimp and Michael Warner muse on why the queerness of *Sex* is not "queer enough" and uncover Madonna's homophobia in her "appropriation" of lesbian and gay culture. bell hooks berates Madonna for faltering as a feminist icon by dipping into hedonistic waters, and Susie Bright astutely acknowledges her courageous-

ness in "being a very public and willing sex maniac." While much of *Madonnarama* debates the significance of *Sex*, it's most refreshing when Carol A. Queen gleefully professes, "I wonder if any other readers of Madonna's *Sex* stopped reading to masturbate." —Allison Diamond

THE OTHER SIDE

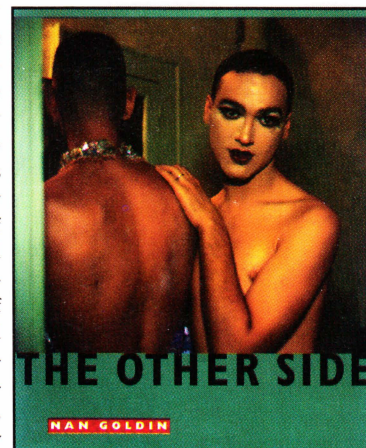
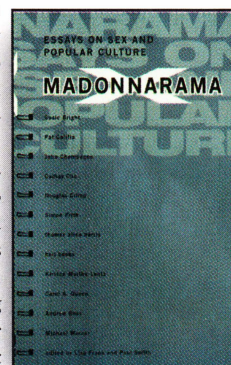
by Nan Goldin

Scala Publishers, \$39.95

Spotting her first drag queens ten years ago at age 18, photographer Nan Goldin began her quest of recording the dramatic metamorphosis of men becoming women—an identity she calls the "third gender."

Goldin's previous book, *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency*, was a sometimes melancholy look at different forms of love, desire, rage and obsession. The photos in *The Other Side* capture exquisite female energy expressed through masculine square jaws, slim hips and muscled arms. Revealing the sublime and intense process of becoming female, one of Goldin's post-op transsexual friends confesses her ability to describe "the difference between male and female orgasms."

The book opens with soft-focus black and whites of balls and beauty pageants set at Boston's infamous 70s drag bar, The Other Side. Theatrical color comes with the 80s New York scene then moves into the 90s, spanning Manhattan, Paris, Berlin, Manila and Bangkok. Goldin believes her pictures are not of people suffering "gender dysphoria but rather expressing gender euphoria," and so "are the real winners of the battle of the sexes because they have stepped out of the ring." —Amanda Wilson

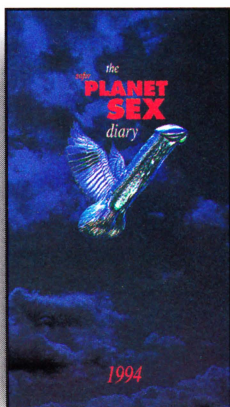


THE SAFER PLANET SEX DIARY 1994

Edited by Tuppy Owens

\$25 ppd. from AOK, P.O. Box 40682, San Francisco, CA 94140-0682

Compiled by information top Tuppy Owens, this international erotic guide is a must-have for globetrotting sex maniacs. Each page features condom reviews, raunchy quotes, sex tips for G-spotting and a lot more. *Planet Sex* also includes worldwide listings for sex clubs, brothels and swinging, plus information on just about any fetish from gender euphoria to high-tech orgasms. If Euro-kink is your cup of tea, you might want to attend The safer Planet Sex Ball on March 19, 1994 in London. This pansexual event is a benefit for people with physical handicaps. To get your invitation, send \$1 to The Leydig Trust, P.O. Box 4ZB, London, W1A 4ZB, England. —Lisa Palac



ing as a graphic novel, *Birdland* is Gilbert's racehorse. With it he embraces the carnal so enthusiastically, it can only be described as a labor of love.

The plot is a porn version of the old J. Geils song "Love Stinks." She loves him, he loves somebody else, etc. It's not the story but the storytelling that makes *Birdland* so successful. The characters are vividly strange twists on familiar icons: the inhumanly sexy stripper with a space alien fixation, the huge-membered brother-in-law with a lisp fetish, and the hirsute, eternally erect and hopelessly sappy protagonist. Witty and literate, every page bursts and drips with distended organs and bodily moistures. —Paul Kimball

SQUEAK THE MOUSE 1 & 2

Mattioli

NBM, \$10.95 ea.

Sometimes after you see a movie you hear there's a "European cut"—a longer, more adult version of the film with the sex and violence left intact. *Squeak the Mouse* is sort of the "European cut" of *Tom and Jerry*, a sophisticated combo-pack of humor, porn and ultraviolence. Throughout the two books, Squeak and his unnamed cat nemesis go through all the typical cat and mouse cartoon scenarios—blowing each other up, smacking each other with blunt objects—only in this version, the cute cartoon characters bleed, get compound fractures and exact gruesome revenge on each other. And, being the cartoon adults they are, Squeak and the cat have sex as often as possible. Like the violence, the sex is funny (bisexual cat and mouse cluster fucks, frat boy tongue wrestling) and rendered in exquisite detail. —Richard Kadrey

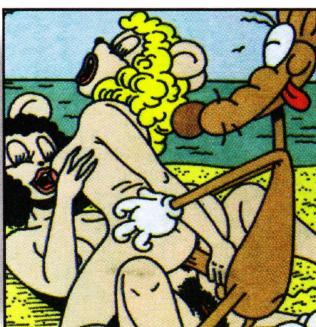
BIRDLAND

Gilbert Hernandez
Eros Comics, \$9.95



So there's this guy, an accountant. He loves his job and he's good at it. Other accountants judge their work against his and show him their spreadsheets in hopes of winning his approval. Now this same guy also likes to, say, play the horses. Some of his fans are shocked, some disappointed but he's having a hell of a great time figuring the odds and making lots of dough. Something about having cake and eating it springs to mind...

Gilbert Hernandez is like this guy. He and his brother Jaime's highly-acclaimed comic book *Love and Rockets* had been shepherding a loyal flock for years when *Birdland* first appeared. Originally released as a three-part series in 1990 and now in its second print-



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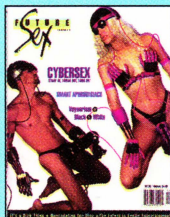
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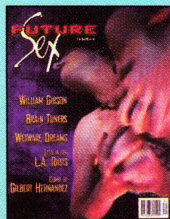
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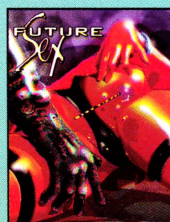
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VIDEO

Michael Craig's *Cat and Mouse II* (X-Citement) ain't the big cheese its predecessor was, but Jeanna Fine gives another four-star performance as the foul-mouthed home invader. —I. Castle

In *Backdoor to Russia* (VCA Platinum) our heroine describes her life as a "secret agent" in the voiceover while fat guys wearing tie-dyed shirts hand manila envelopes to each other in suburban L.A. Miss it. —Laura Miller

Memory Love, a Japanese full-length erotic animation, presents the classic fetishes—schoolgirls, sudsy showers, spying and strap-ons—complete with a soft, fuzzy cloud that even covers up cartoon pubic hair and penetration! No English subtitles. #VF69, \$35 from Astral Ocean Cinema, P.O. Box 931753, Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood CA 90093. —Lisa Palac

In *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, love is a beast that can drive anyone—mortal or immortal—mad. In one fevered sequence, Dracula, in the form of a wolf, seduces Lucy in a garden during a thunderstorm. The scene is brutally erotic, probably the hottest thing director Francis Ford Coppola has ever shot. Voyager's beautiful 3-laserdisc presentation is a state-of-the-art blend of technology and film. —Richard Kadrey

SOFTWARE

GayBlade is the first queer role-playing game for the Mac and PC, where players arm themselves with tiaras, condoms and press-on nails to slay Angry Fundamentalists, Sleazy Publishers, Sluts and Homophobic Yuppies. Fun! \$39.95 from RJ Best, 5214-F Diamond Heights Blvd., Suite 701, SF CA 94131. —I.C.

MUSIC

Billy Idol goes techno with *Cyberpunk* (Chrysalis), giving up some of his guitar-heavy *strum und drang* for a computer jock persona. Some of it works, like "Shock (To The System)," but some is just pointless ("Heroin"). An accompanying Mac disc contains some excellent fringe culture contact info. —R.K.

Excursions in Ambience (Caroline) is sort of techno on Quaaludes—a glacial, backbrain version of electronic dance styles. This CD came to us with a note reading, "This music is great for sex. Trust Me. I know." Whoever scribbled that was right. Trust Me. I know. —R.K.

Las Vegas Grind, Parts 1, 2, 3 & 4 (Strip Records) features raw garage-level recordings of some of Vegas's sleaziest bands playing the kind of strip music you thought only existed in Late Show reruns. Somehow the crudeness of the recordings only adds to the generally debauched atmosphere. —R.K.

On Pansy Division's *Undressed* (Lookout! Records) happy and unapologetic gayboys from Berkeley sing about what sex is often really like—sometimes clumsy, occasionally confusing, but mostly fun. How can you not like a band whose songs have titles like "Fem in a Black Leather Jacket," "The Cocksucker Club," and "Surrender Your Clothing." —R.K.

BOOKS

Billy Wildhack's *The Adult BBS Guidebook* profiles dozens of adult-oriented BBSes with specs that include dial-in numbers, which systems have online chat services, smutty graphics files, personal ads, etc. \$12.50 ppd from Keyhole Publications, P.O. Box 35, Sycamore, IL 60178. —R.K.

Cock & Bull (Atlantic Monthly Press) is two novellas set in contemporary London. Written by Will Self, "Cock" concerns Carol, a housewife who is unhappily married, but hasn't the balls to leave her boozy husband. She does, however, sprout her very own penis. "Bull" tells the story of John Bull, who learns that the "wound" on the back of his knee is actually a new vagina. —Holly MacArthur

Edited by Linda Jacobson, *Cyberarts: Exploring Art & Technology* (Miller Freeman) offers up computer artists, hackers and digital thinkers looking at the brave new worlds of computer-based art in theater, music, video, publishing and on and on... —R.K.

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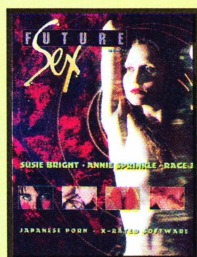
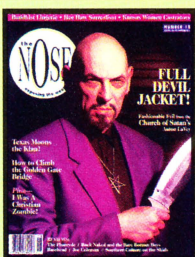
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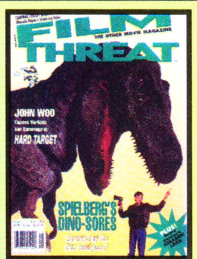
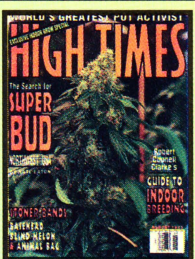


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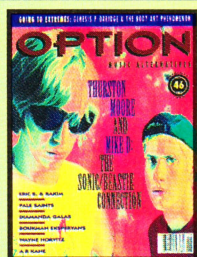


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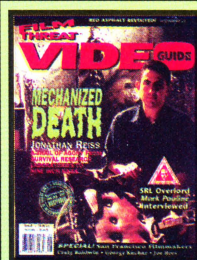
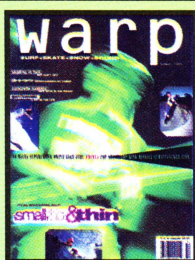


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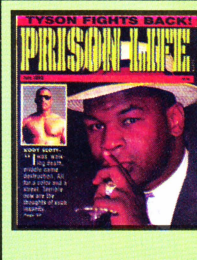
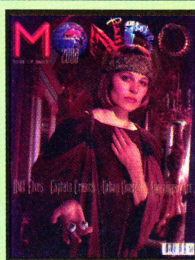


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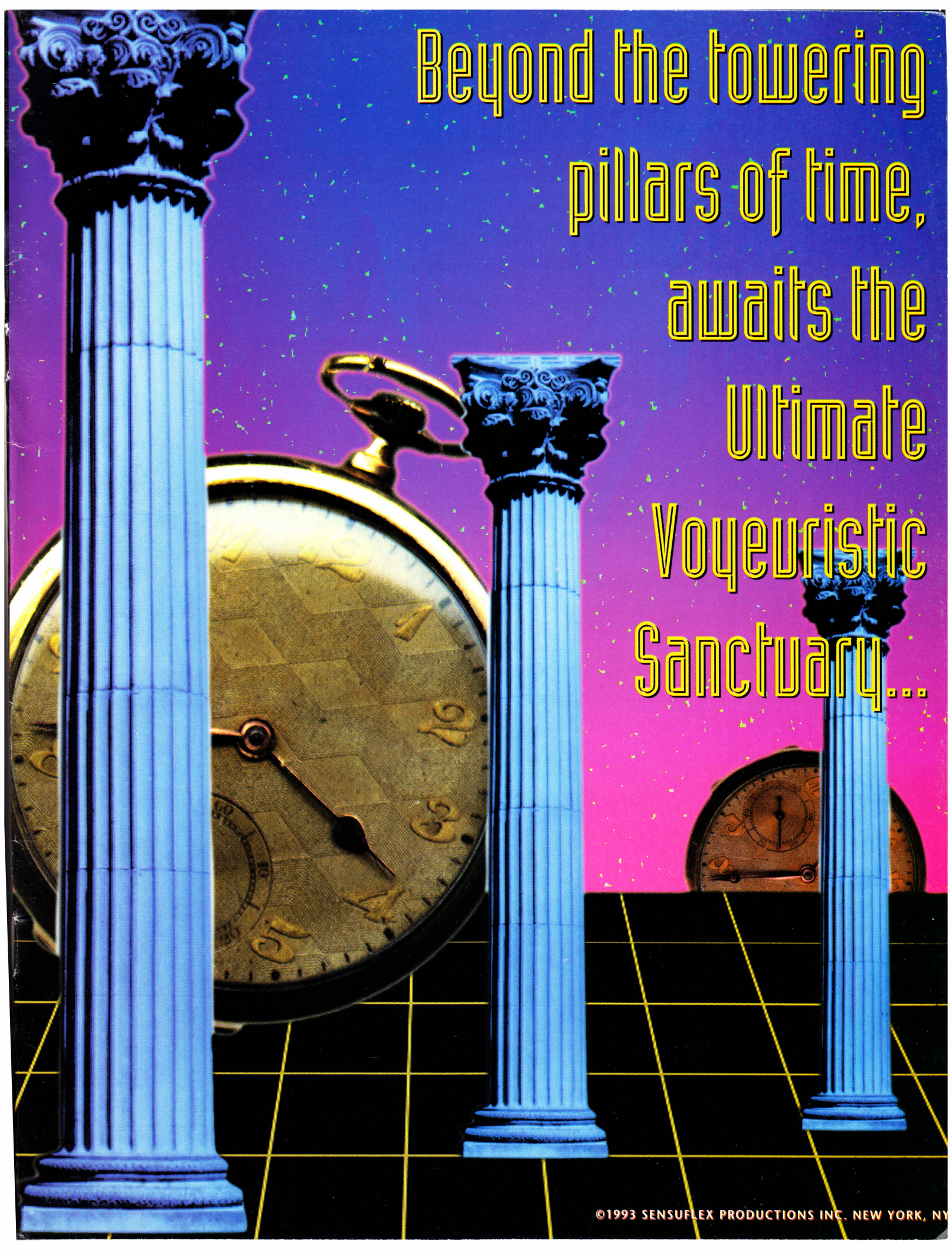
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Renee French lurks in Philadelphia and is the creator of the comic book Grit Bath, published by Fantagraphics.

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